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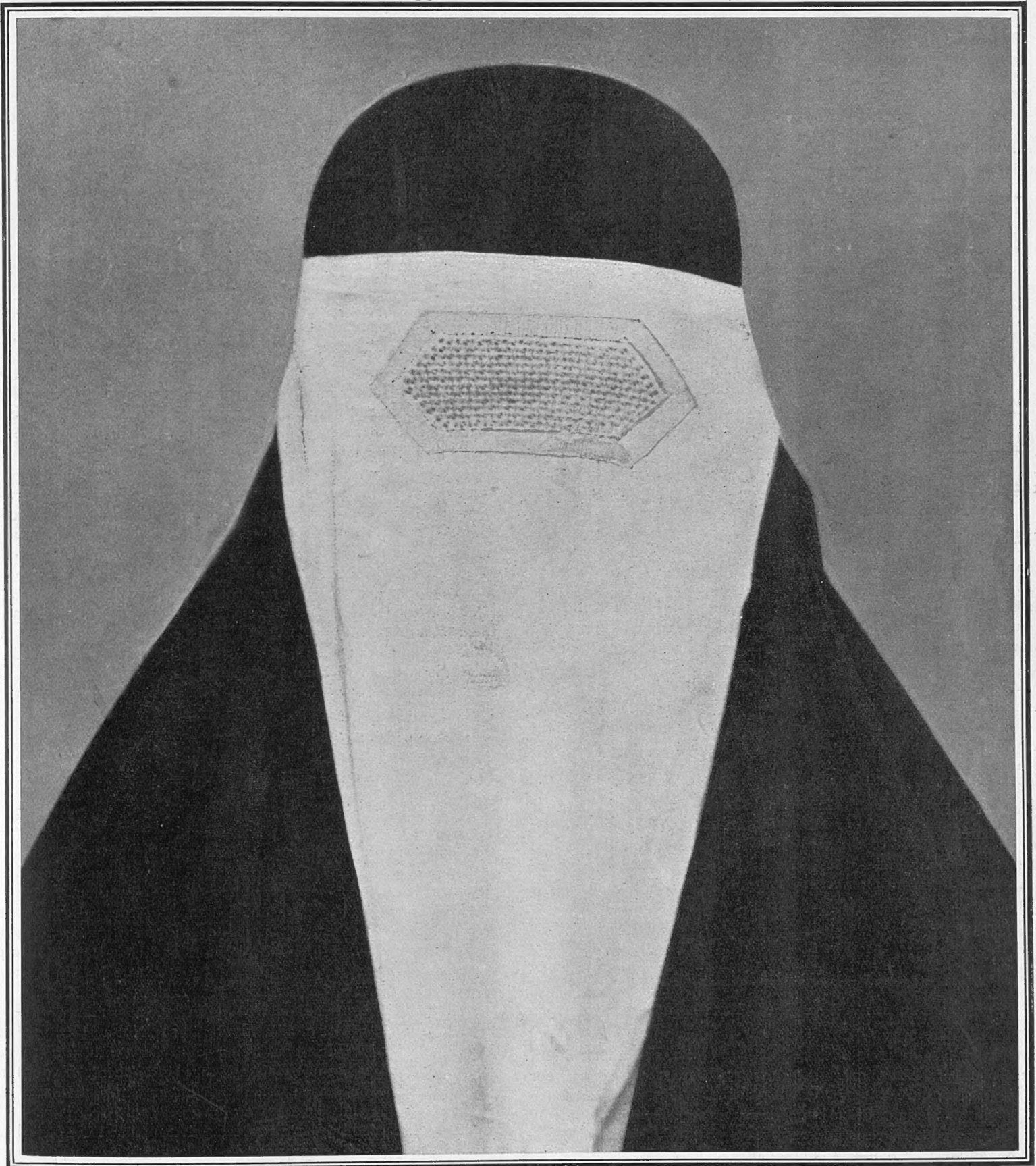
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The Sketch

No. 967.—Vol. LXXV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1911.

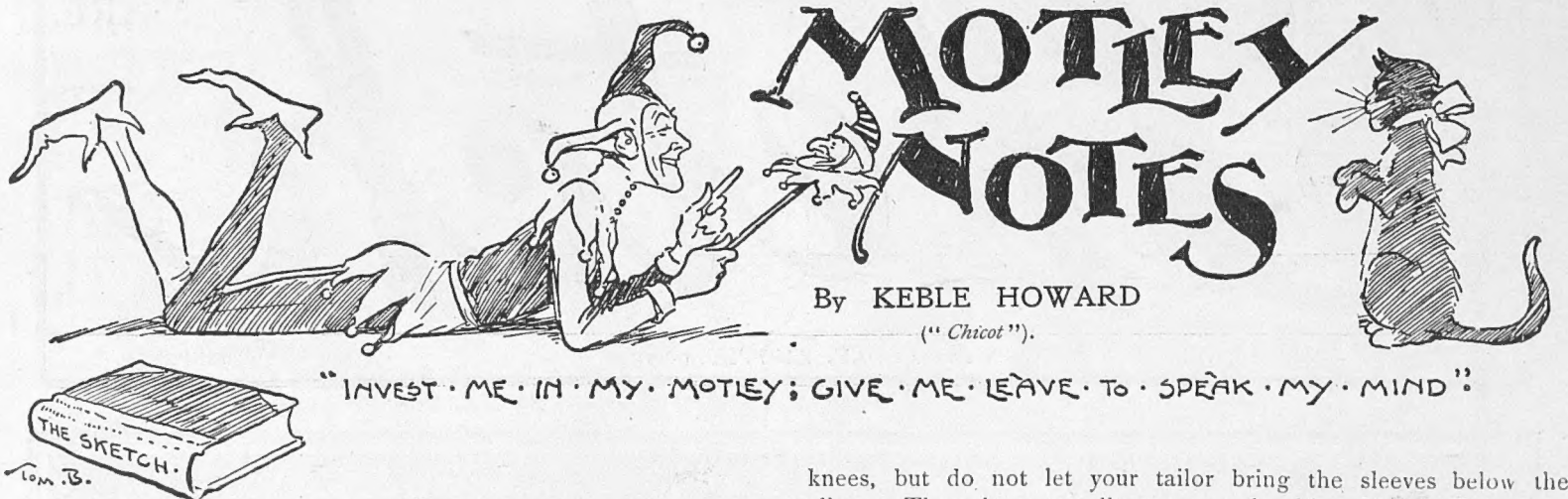
SIXPENCE.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF A SOCIETY BEAUTY: A PERSIAN LADY OF RANK.

It is customary for the Persian lady of rank to be veiled very closely in the manner shown when out walking or driving.

Photograph by Techno. Archiv.



THE SUMMER SWELL: A FEW TIMELY HINTS.

MY DEAR PERCY.—This, I know, is the time of year when your mind, already overweighted with social and intellectual cares, receives the additional burden of "clothes." Let me see whether I can be of some small service in lightening that burden.

In the first place, then, beware of hurrying your tailor. You are not the easiest person in the world to fit. The figures of the majority of men are all after the same pattern; your figure, on the other hand, needs no little studying. Those inward bends of the right and left legs in the neighbourhood of the knee, for example, would keep any cutter awake at night, and it is hinted, in fashionable circles, that more than one artist of the scissors has chosen an obscure grave in preference to battling with the almost precipitous slope of your elegant shoulders.

Give your present cutter, then, ample time. Collaborate with him. Ask him to dine with you at your club. Let him study you as the portrait-painter studies his sitters. Afford him opportunities of seeing you in your life as you live it—exchanging snappy witticisms with Flo and Minnie across the bar, or lolling easily upon the sands. You will find enough sand for your purpose in St. James's Park.

YOUR LOUNGE-SUIT.

At this time of year, nothing is of greater importance to the young man prominent in seaside circles than a fashionable lounge-suit. First, then, as to the choice of material. The dowdy materials of the past few seasons, I am happy to say, are not the vogue this year. Select something crisper, more arresting. You know how urgent it is that your friends should be able to recognise you at a distance.

Avoid blue. Blue has been done to death. The really smart men refuse to be seen in blue, no matter what the shade. Green is good, and, for preference, grass-green. Nature is somewhat sparing of bright greens in the months of August and September; but that is no reason why you should be. Nature is often dowdy in the extreme; it is for you, my dear Percy, to counteract the dullnesses of Nature. You will find that Society is grateful to you.

Not, however, a plain green. I saw a delightful fabric the other day in the window of that splendid firm, Messrs. Shantung and Zephyr—a bright grass-green with a pink zig-zag stripe. (There was another one with alternate pink and orange stripes; but that is a little too old for you at present.) I stepped inside to inquire the price, and found that the lounge-suit would work out at thirty-five shillings. This is not really a stiff figure when you take the excellence of the workmanship into account.

SOME UP-TO-DATE FEATURES.

Having chosen your material, we will now proceed to discuss some variations in style since last I wrote you. At that time, if you remember, I strongly advised you to have the back of your lounge coat within six inches of the ground. This, however, is no longer in the height of fashion. Smart as the coat undoubtedly was, it proved an irresistible attraction to dogs (literal dogs, I mean), and I fear that you, among others, may have been put to serious inconvenience thereby.

I should advise you to go to the other extreme, and let your coat end just below the shoulder-blades. This will be found a convenient and cool length, further affording you the opportunity of displaying the very elegant waist with which Nature has blessed you. The coat can be as long as you like in front, say to the

knees, but do not let your tailor bring the sleeves below the elbow. There is an excellent reason for this. Messrs. Dabb and Hashery have just imported from Paris an exceedingly smart line in shirts, the chief point being that the cuffs are made of a delicate openwork material, and extend from the wrist to the elbow. Obviously, you would not wish to conceal a cuff of that nature.

With regard to pockets, I should advise you to dispense with them altogether. Smart little bags can be obtained at a reasonable figure which will hold your cigarettes. The really smart man of the present day scorns to carry anything else. Your own money, you have, I take it, long since learnt to do without.

THE BURNING QUESTION OF WAISTCOATS.

It is with no little trepidation, my dear Percy, that I approach the subject of your waistcoat. In this respect, in particular, you have been so extraordinarily successful in the past that it borders on presumption to offer you even a hint. At Broadstairs, they still talk of your magenta dream with the roll-collar, angled pockets, and ruby buttons. And who will ever forget your slashed crimson-and-gold confection that wrought such havoc two summers ago at Southend? You dog, you!

However, let us not dwell too much in the glories and triumphs of the past. That way madness lies. Let us rather look forward to even wilder flights of amazing ingenuity this season. In selecting your waistcoat, then, never forget your tie. As the lover to his mistress, so is the waistcoat to the tie. Messrs. Nutt and Flycatcher, of 122, Alexandra Crescent, Clapham, have a new line in waistcoats to which I would humbly draw your attention.

Beginning in the small of the back, these dainty garments spread themselves round the waist and then clamber upwards to the shoulders much in the style of a Scarlet Runner. The tie, made to match, is fastened to the neck by an ingenious process known only to the inventors, passed under the arms, crossed at the nape of the neck, and finally caught together in front with a topaz scarf-pin. Neat, simple, and eminently effective.

HINTS ON TROUSERS.

Still, when all is said and done, the trousers make or mar the man. Not for one moment do I mean to imply, my dear Percy, that any trousers could mar your magnificently shaped legs; but why not enhance that magnificence? Eh? Can you answer that, you rogue? Of course you can't! Off we go, then.

Everybody is sick to death, I fancy, of the peg-top trouser. You did it very well, I admit, in its day. In the distance you looked *exactly* like a peg-top. Did not the boys at Herne Bay christen you "Percy the Humming-Bird" for that very reason? All the world knows they did. None the less, it is time for a change.

The modern trouser should be fairly wide at the top, wider still at the knee, and widest of all at the bottom. Not a skirt, precisely, but very near it. Women are trying to do away with skirts; here is your opportunity. Conceal the leg; that is the secret of your forthcoming success this season. They may complain, but what is your answer? "The fault be on your own head, my dear lady. What you have discarded, we have adopted. If you must die of jealousy, I cannot help it. Good morning." In a word, the snapped finger of superior scorn.

Alas! I find that I have exhausted my space, and must therefore hold over the question of socks until next week. Perhaps this is just as well. Good-bye, dear lad, and your usual success on the pier and prom!

UNCLE ARCHIE.

LEAD, OH. LEAD ME TO THE LIDO! VENICE-SUPER-MARE.

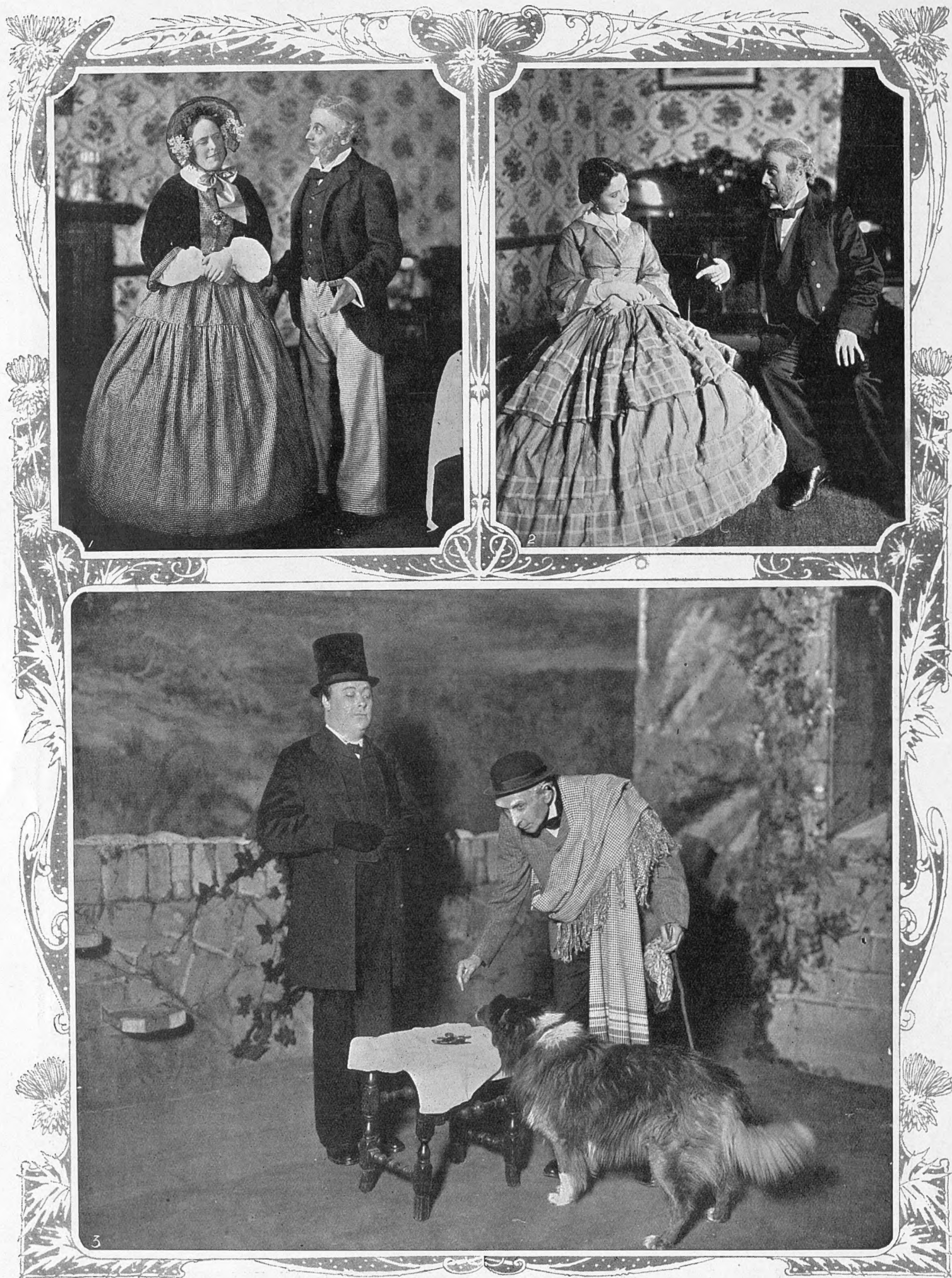


WITHIN A FEW MINUTES OF THE CANALS OF VENICE: BATHING AT THE VENETIAN'S SEASIDE.

When visiting Venice, it is an excellent idea to stay on the Lido, within a few minutes' steamer-trip of Venice itself. For there, on the shores of the Adriatic, is excellent bathing and a freer air than that of the Pearl of the Adriatic. Describing these photographs, a correspondent says: "You see Romeo and his Juliet, Paolo and his Francesca, Beatrice and her Benedick lying on their white sheets on the soft sun-heated sand, with a parasol to keep off the blaze and indiscreet eyes; pretending to read a book together. Or Romeo may be gently feeding Juliet with the chocolate-coated almonds she loves, what time his other hand softly caresses her dark hair. At the end of an hour or two they may take a paddle in the softly lapping waters of the Adriatic—being careful not to wet too much of the costume or disarrange the set of the Paris hat—but this is, as it were, the excuse for the sand-laze, the sacrifice on the altars of convention. A real bathe would ruin the bathing-costumes."—[Photographs by Engel.]

THE SCOTTISH 'SIXTIES: A GREAT SUCCESS AT THE HAYMARKET.

"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS."



1. "I HOPE THERE'S A WEE TOUCH OF SENTIMENT ON YOUR SIDE, TOO": MR. GRAHAM MOFFAT AS TAMMAS BIGGAR AND MRS. GRAHAM MOFFAT AS FELEN DUNLOP.

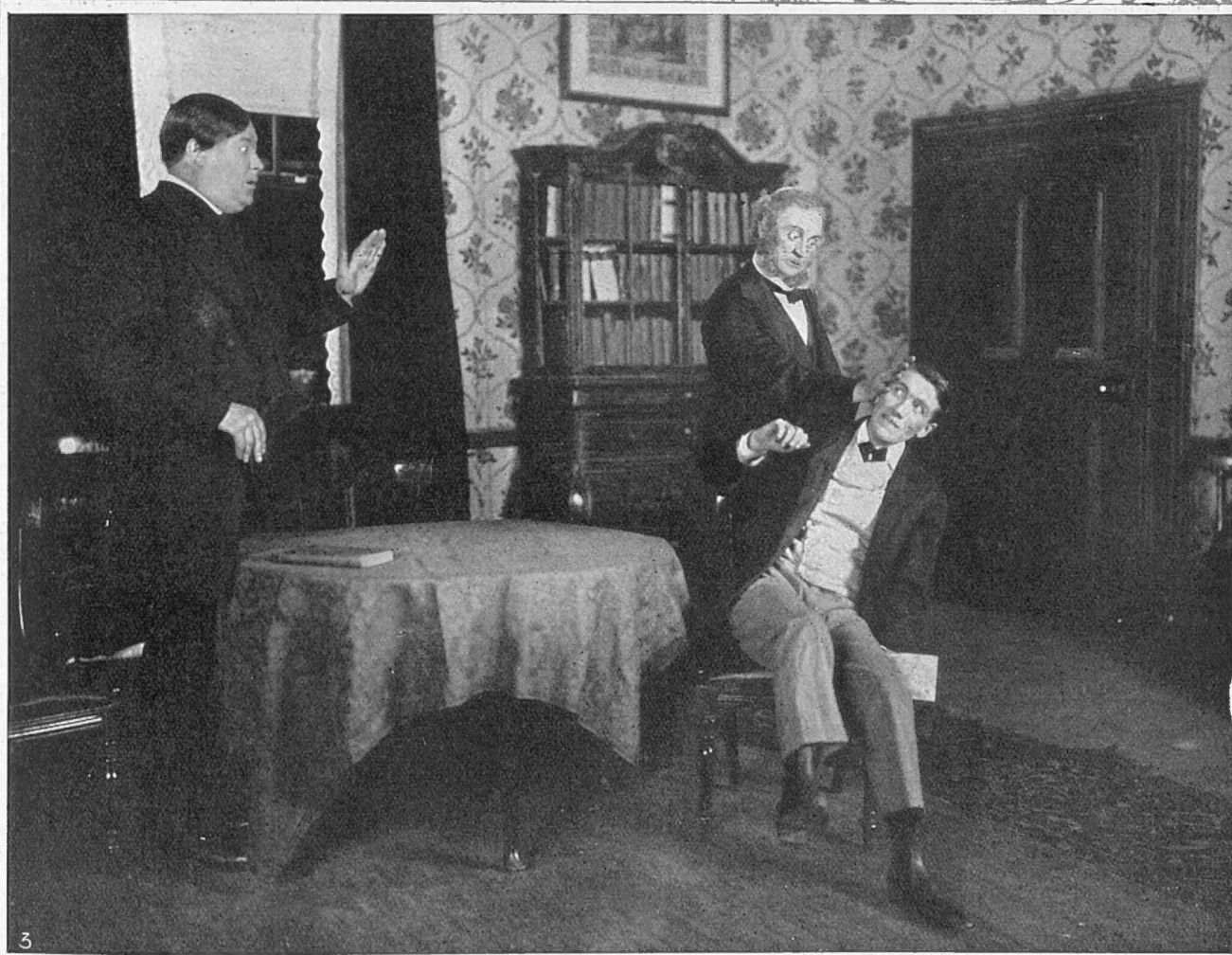
2. "DO YOU MEAN AN ORDINARY HOUSEKEEPER WITH A WAGE?" MR. GRAHAM MOFFAT AS TAMMAS BIGGAR AND MISS JEAN TURNBULL AS SUSIE SIMPSON.

3. THE COLLECTION: WELUM SPRUNT (MR. WATSON HUME) WATCHES THE PLATE.

The period of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" is about 1860, and the scenes are laid in Tammas Biggar's parlour and in Lintiehaugh Kirkyard. It is the story of a Scottish girl who is most apt at managing and Little Mothering. She has plenty to do, for the elder, her father, is a respected shopkeeper with not too good a past; and the elder, her fiancé, fears his responsibilities. That she emerges triumphant proves both her power and her charm.

SEVEN MOFFATS IN A PLAY BY A MOFFAT.

"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS," AT THE HAYMARKET.



1. BUNTY BIGGAR (MISS KATE MOFFAT) COMFORTS WEELUM SPRUNT (MR. WATSON HUME).

2. THE STRING-PULLER, BUNTY (MISS KATE MOFFAT).

3. RAB BIGGAR (MR. GEORGE TAWDE) IS CHASTISED BY HIS FATHER (MR. GRAHAM MOFFAT) FOR WHISTLING WHILE LEARNING THE CATECHISM — WEELUM (MR. WATSON HUME) PRESENT.

It is one of the most interesting points of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," that seven of the twelve characters in it are played by members of the Moffat family, while the character of Bunty was founded on Mrs. Moffat senior. Mr. Graham Moffat is the author, and appears as Tammas Biggar. His wife, who made all the dresses, plays Felen Dunlop; his daughter, Miss Winifred Moffat, plays the small child's part; his sister, Miss Kate Moffat, Bunty. Mr. Watson Hume Moffat and Mr. Sanderson Moffat, his brothers, play Weelum Sprunt and Dan Birrell respectively; while Mrs. Watson Hume Moffat, being English, has to be content with walking on. Bunty, as we have noted, was founded on Mr. Graham Moffat's mother, and is his idea of what she must have been as a young girl.

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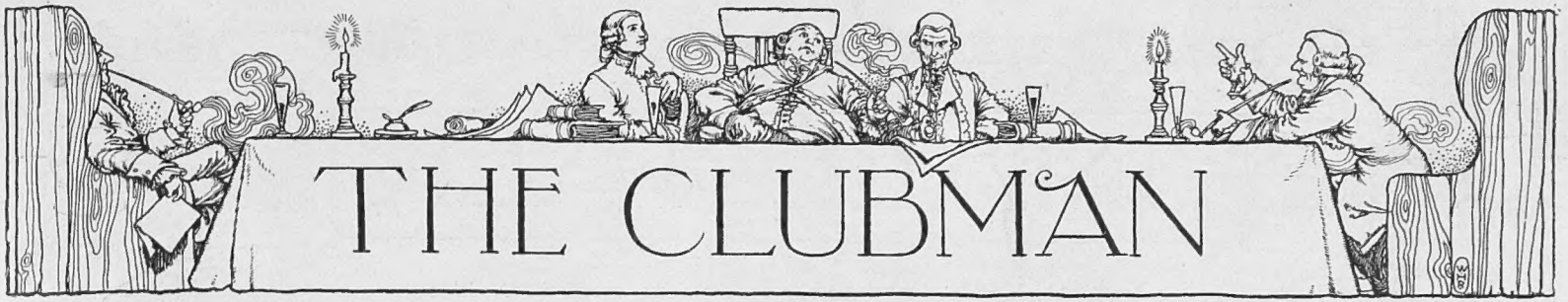
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Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.



What Paris is Talking About.

It is a platitude, I know, that the nearer one is to a storm-centre the less one hears about the storm. Paris, when I passed through it last week, was talking of the death of Mlle. Lantelme, the beautiful actress who was drowned in the Rhine; of the heat; of the nuisance of having to boil all drinking-water, because river-water has been added to the usual supply, and the Seine water just now has been so contaminated by chemicals that the fish are dying; of the proposed changes in the rule of the road. But Morocco Paris classes amongst tiresome things, and no Parisian has any small talk ready on that subject. Mlle. Lantelme was a real joy to the Parisians, her beauty, and her talent, and her good-nature made her a great favourite, and M. Edwards, her millionaire husband, who was devoted to her, was chaffed in the light-hearted papers, and on the stage in the revues for the care he very naturally took of his beautiful wife. I remember that last Christmas, in a revue at the Capucines, the audacious bandbox on the boulevards, M. Edwards was represented as an old nurse following about his pretty actress-wife, and singing some couplets with the refrain, "I will not allow anyone to kiss her mouth," the matter of stage kisses having drawn this decision from the millionaire, as it has been drawn from many another man married to a beautiful actress.

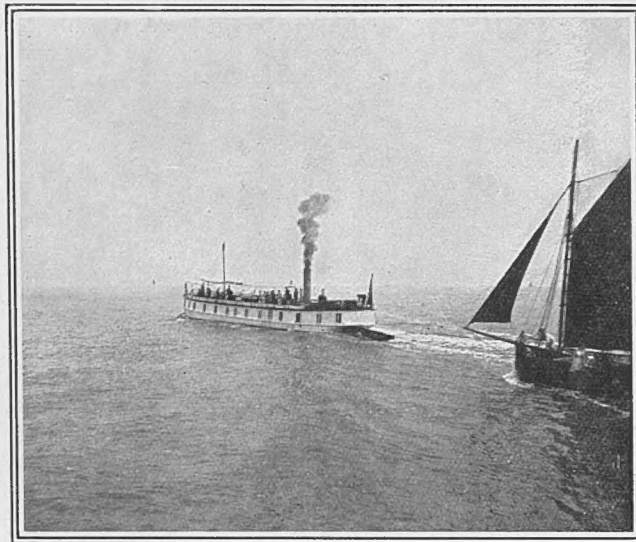
The Heat and the Rule of the Road.

Of the heat in Paris, the most graphic, though not the most refined, description was given me by the perspiring porter who carried my baggage up to my bedroom at the hotel. I asked him if there had not been rain, and he replied that rain had fallen, but that the ground was so hot that it was just as when a laundress spits on her flat-iron. If the rule of the road in France is changed, and coincides with the rule in England and Austria and Italy of "If you go to the left you're sure to be right; if you go to the right you're sure to be wrong," the English lady or man will no longer have the uncomfortable experience of always looking, during the first days of a stay in Paris, in the wrong direction to see if any carriage is approaching before crossing a road. But the mess the Parisian *cochers* will make of the traffic if the change is made is sure to be terrific. The *cocher*, as it is, drives into the thick of the stir, keeping more or less to the right, and takes his chance of running over pedestrians. If he has to remember that he

must keep to the left, his mental perturbation at the change will surely increase the long list of his victims.

Red Velvet.

It is quite a blessing to discover something that the Germans do not do better than we do. They do not upholster their first-class railway compartments in a suitable manner for summer travel. I have been making little journeys during the past week in the Rhine Valley, and every time I have sat down on a seat covered with red velvet, and have leaned back against red velvet, I have felt as though I was sitting on a hot-water cushion, and as though somebody was pumping hot air down my back. On the other side of the register should be recorded the plain labelling of the destination of each carriage on all the trains, and the management of the refreshment-rooms at the stations. I arrived one morning at Cologne at 5.30, and found in the refreshment-room tables laid with clean cloths, coffee, and rolls, and eggs ready, and waiters who were shaved and clean in apparel and very wide-awake. I contrasted this with my arrival at the terminus in a big British port last summer, when I had to walk up and down the platform for nearly two hours before a sleepy barmaid opened the refreshment-room at 8 a.m., and seemed surprised at a request for coffee and bread-and-butter at such an hour.



THE SCENE OF THE TRAGIC DEATH OF FRANCE'S FAMOUS ACTRESS, Mlle. LANTELME (MME. EDWARDS): M. EDWARDS' RIVER-YACHT "AIMÉE," FROM A WINDOW OF WHICH Mlle. LANTELME FELL INTO THE RHINE.

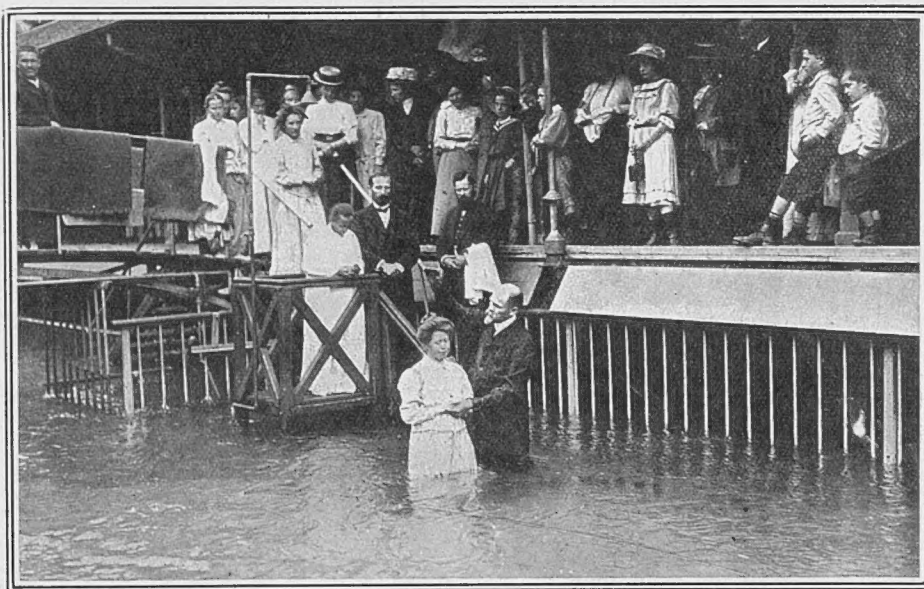
It will be recalled that Mlle. Lantelme met her death in tragic manner by falling through one of the windows which take the place of port-holes in her husband's river-yacht, or motor house-boat, the "Aimée."

Photograph by Raffaele.

A Hopeless Grievance.

Nothing in the world, I know, will prevent citizens of the United States from talking world-politics at unoffending British strangers on unsuitable occasions; but I wish very

heartily that they would make an effort to cure themselves of the habit. It is cruel when a man is suffering from the heat and red velvet for the American gentleman in the same compartment to open fire on him with an exposition of the European situation from the Transatlantic point of view. The first time this happened I bore with lamb-like patience a disquisition entirely unfavourable to Great Britain: but when, on another occasion, an American with a clean-shaven upper lip and a pointed beard, after reading me a long lecture on the assured downfall of England, wished to know if I thought that the Emperor William had read yesterday's leader



THE BAPTISM OF A CONVERT: A SOLEMN RITE AMONGST THE "ADVENTISTS." The photograph was taken during the annual meeting of the "Adventists," which took place recently at Zurich.

Photograph by International Illustr. Co.

in the *New York Herald*, I became ribald, and asked him in my turn what President Taft had eaten for breakfast on Tuesday and where ex-President Roosevelt buys his handkerchiefs.



ENGAGED TO H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF GWALIOR: PRINCESS INDIRA RAJA OF BARODA.

The engagement of the Princess to his Highness Sir Madho Rao Sindbia Bahadur, Maharajah of Gwalior, was announced the other day. It will be recalled that the Maharajah sent a Coronation gift of £8000, to be devoted to charities, to the King that his Majesty might distribute it as he thought fit.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

grown heavy"—weighty as he still may be. For this reason his continuance in town does not necessarily prolong the gaieties of the season, nor even do the urgent whips addressed to Peers give any unusual vitality to a moribund year. Cowes is gayer than ever—the sea is losing nothing by the enforced attenuation of the town season. "Do you find politicians amusing?" asked one American lady of another after a series of London dinners eaten for the first time during this summer. "As dull as hangmen," was the reply, "and they know it, for they are always saying, 'Oh, hang!' and light up only when they talk of the impeachment of the Prime Minister."

Timely Precautions. The word impeachment used to be among the most impressive in history books; and the loss of a thrill is threatened to the schoolboy of the future by its introduction into the vocabulary of party politics. But a club has passed a resolution calling for the impeachment of the Prime Minister, and an odd man, a very odd man, here and there has demanded it in letters to the Press. Replies to the question, "What would you do if you had a million?" used to be a parlour game; and, lately, an enterprising paper sent out to a number of famous women the query, "What would you do if you were a man?" inviting replies, which were not, however, in most cases forthcoming. "What would you do if you were impeached?" may yet become a favourite problem-game among politicians. Anyway, some of the members of Mr. Asquith's family have amused themselves with

PARLIAMENT men are not any longer gay, delightful, and witty ornaments of society, if such they ever were. The House of Commons may still be the best club in London, but the average Member of Parliament is not necessarily an addition to the ranks of clubbable men in the ordinary sense of the word. He is no longer, what he was in Praed's time, "an Eton boy

appropriate researches. The Premier's first move, they decided, would be to make himself a Peer. That straightway puts an end to the nancing, the drawing, and the quartering! You go to the scaffold in state, and if you are a Prime Minister as well as a Peer, you have other privileges, the possession of which might even lead Mr. Asquith to adapt the famous words, "Now the bitterness of death is past."



MISS GWENDOLINE DE RUTZEN AND MAJOR R. E. MAFFETT, WHOSE WEDDING IS FIXED FOR THE TENTH.

Miss de Rutzen is one of the three daughters of Sir Albert de Rutzen, the famous police magistrate. Major Maffett, of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, is a son of the late Mr. William H. Maffett, of St. Helena, Finglas, Co. Dublin.—[Photographs by Swaine.]



ENGAGED TO PRINCESS INDIRA RAJA OF BARODA: THE MAHARAJAH OF GWALIOR.

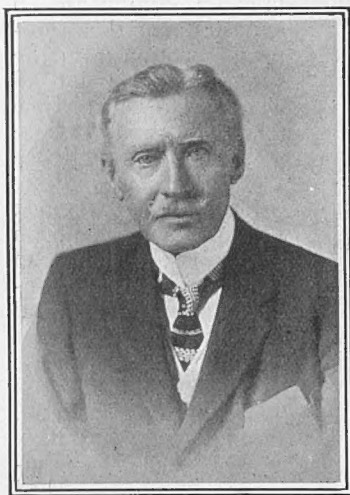
The Maharajah, who was born in October, 1876, and succeeded in 1886, rules over some 25,000 square miles with a population of nearly three millions. He is a keen sportsman, and gave a fine exhibition of skill and courage when tent-pegging at Hurlingham recently.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

Post Impressionism. Mr. Henniker Heaton is the great Post Impressionist—he impresses the Post Office. Imperial Penny Postage has been won by the adhesion of New Zealand; and new zeal, as well as New Zealand, is Mr. Heaton's.

His long illness is over, and his legions of friends welcome him back to the field where he has won victory after victory these last twenty years. Free from Parliamentary drudgery, he now makes in the pages of a powerful magazine his strenuous appeal for a universal penny postage and for the cheapening of cable rates. Of the hundred and forty millions of letters sent from England every year only about one-half yet bear the penny stamp. But that will not be for long. The penny which now carries a letter to India will shortly—very shortly—carry it to France on the same terms. It will carry it also to far Japan. Mr. Heaton has never been a rash prophet, and when he predicts a reform it is pretty certain to be within reach. Of the four or five millions spent in England annually on cabling, only one hundredth

part is expended on private messages—in other words, people do not care to spend a florin a word to cable birthday congratulations to a friend, in India, for instance, while they could send a message, under Russian auspices, twice the distance for less than a fourth of the charge. Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who avoids letter-writing in favour of telegraphing, may not be daunted by these figures, but we are not all millionaires. And this is Mr. Henniker Heaton's point, and his points sooner or later penetrate the joints in the armour of Post Officialism.



TO MARRY MISS BERTHA JOAN BOSWORTH-SMITH ON THE 9TH: LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES S. SHEPHARD. Lieut.-Col. Charles S. Shephard, of Shortlake, Osmington, Dorset, was formerly in the Royal Fusiliers.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

TO MARRY CAPTAIN R. J. FITZ G. INGHAM, R.A., ON THE 9TH: MISS ELLA PRENDERGAST TRISCOTT. Miss Triscott, is the daughter of Col. C. P. Triscott, C.B., D.S.O., late of the Royal Artillery. Captain Ingham is the son of Judge Ingham. The wedding is to take place at the Church of St. Mary's-in-the-Castle, Dover.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES S. SHEPHARD, D.S.O., ON THE 9TH: MISS BERTHA JOAN BOSWORTH-SMITH. Miss Bosworth-Smith is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Reginald Bosworth-Smith, of Bingham Melcombe, Dorset.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

A ROYAL BEGGAR FOR THE MIDDLESEX; AND HIS WIFE.



THE YOUNGER BROTHER OF QUEEN MARY AND ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S SISTERS-IN-LAW:
PRINCE AND PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK.

Prince Alexander of Teck, younger brother of Queen Mary, who is working so energetically in connection with the Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund of the Middlesex Hospital, is the third son of the late Duke of Teck and of the late Princess Mary Adelaide, daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge. He is, of course, brother to the present Duke of Teck. He is Captain in the Royal Horse Guards, holds the D.S.O. and the G.C.V.O., and is a Knight of Justice of St. John of Jerusalem. He was born at Kensington Palace in April 1874. In 1904, he married Princess Alice of Albany, who was born in February 1883. The Princess is Lady Grand President of the League of Mercy. Their Serene Highnesses have one daughter and one son; Princess May Helen Emma, born in January 1906; and Prince Rupert Alexander George Augustus, born in August 1907.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]

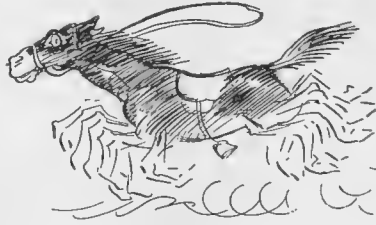


By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.



IT was bound to come. The latest artistic criticism is to the effect that Rembrandt's "Mill" was not painted by Rembrandt. These famous pictures never are by the artists who painted them.

Meanwhile, listen to the Manifesto of the Futurist



Painters of Milan: "What we wish to reproduce on canvas will no longer be one fixed instant of universal dynamism, it will be the dynamic sensation itself." This isn't painting, it's aviation.

Moreover, they say: "A runaway horse has not four legs, but twenty, and their movement is triangular." If this nightmare has any connection with fact, it is a good thing that the motor-car is doing away with the horse.

The L.C.C. proposes to build another lunatic asylum at Epsom. "Ah, my brethren," observed Mr. Stiggins, "this is what comes of horse-racing."

Cows, it appears, are much attracted by the sound of singing, and always give a better yield of milk when sung to. But any old tenor won't do, for the cow as a critic has a nasty way of kicking out sideways when least expected.



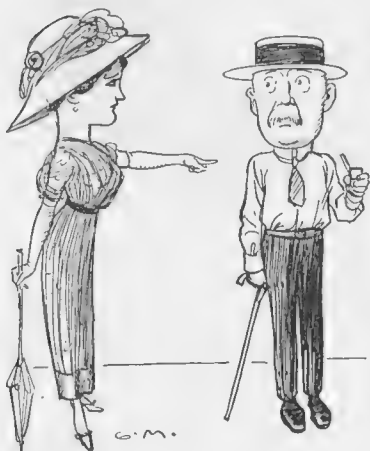
accounted for by the fact that the fair girl has a fifty per cent. better chance of marrying than the dark girl.

Easy dentistry in the pleiocene age. At Bocking, in Essex, the tooth of a mammoth, weighing 5½ lb., has been found in a gravel-pit. "My eye," as the little boy said outside the dentist's, "weren't there a scraunch, neither?"

Fashion intelligence. Twin hatpins are very smart. Those who have received them in the cheek agree that they do.

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE—"

(In the hot weather, girls wear diaphanous blouses with impunity, but a man is not allowed to appear in the thickest of shirts unless he is playing tennis or punting.)



Phyllis in the grilling heat
Wears a blouse that's simply sweet,
But a trifle indiscreet
In its revelations;
For its texture is so thin
All the world can see the skin
Of her arms - and lower chin
Through its perforations.

Frequently I wonder why
Mrs. Grundy does not cry
In her sternest tones, "Oh, fie!"
At this exhibition.
For if I took off my coat,
Or wore nothing round my throat,
Me and mine she would devote
Straightway to perdition.



M. Henri Bernstein has a generous heart. He wants to have M. Lucien Lacour let out of prison for a day to fight a duel with him. As M. Lacour is only imprisoned for the nominal offence of smiting the ex-Premier, it will be hard if the authorities will not let him have a morning's diversion.

MIAOW!



("Don't forget your cat during your holidays." Advertisement by the Secretary of the R.S.P.C.A.)

When you're packing up your boxes and your trunks to go away,
With the case which holds the Missus's big hat,
Pay attention to the warning of the R.S.P.C.A.,
And when you're going, don't forget your cat.
If in the careless raptures of your fortnight at the sea,
No matter whether Margate or Boolong,
Puss gets a pint of nothing every morning, I agree
With the R.S.P.C.A. you're doing wrong.

Black cat, white cat, cat of a Persian breed,
Common tabby, or tortoiseshell, they're all the same for that;
All of them want their saucer of milk, their regular daily feed;
You can't let them starve when you're away, so don't forget your cat!

Scoffers used to call golf "old man's hockey," but since the success of "Bogie" Hancock, aged three years and eleven months, in the Parklangley handicap, they are calling it "babies' billiards."



While we in this effete old country have been fiddling about with the *Daily Mail* £10,000 air-race, Bobby Leach, the veteran navigator of the Niagara rapids, has been shooting the Horse Shoe falls in a steel barrel. These Americans are always so infinitely our superiors when it comes to something practical.

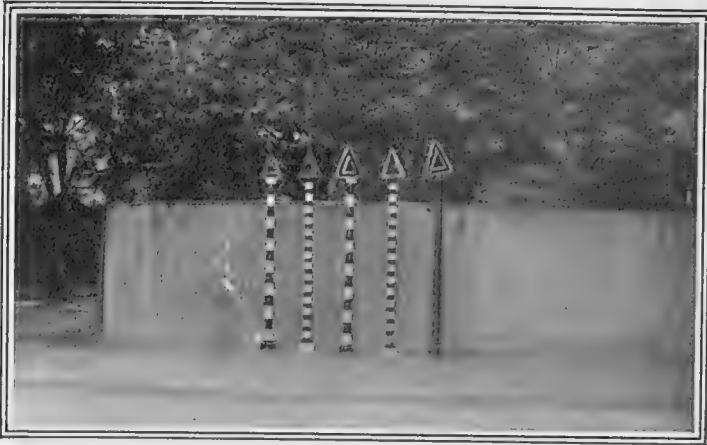
Dr. Lewis and his wife have succeeded in growing meat of all sorts in a jar by some chemical process. This is splendid news for the careful housewife. No more dear meat; no more butcher's bills. And cheap dinner-parties to all your best enemies.

Aha! What does Jedge Long, of Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., observe? "Man, who pays the bills, and not woman, is boss." The New Woman, especially in America, has acted as if the boss was the one who runs up the bills. She will doubtless say that this is only another example of Man-made law.

A scientific joker states that the average man when at rest uses up about forty-eight cubic inches of air a minute, but that when he is running he consumes about seven times as much. With all these aeroplanes flapping about running will have to be forbidden as too wasteful of air.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



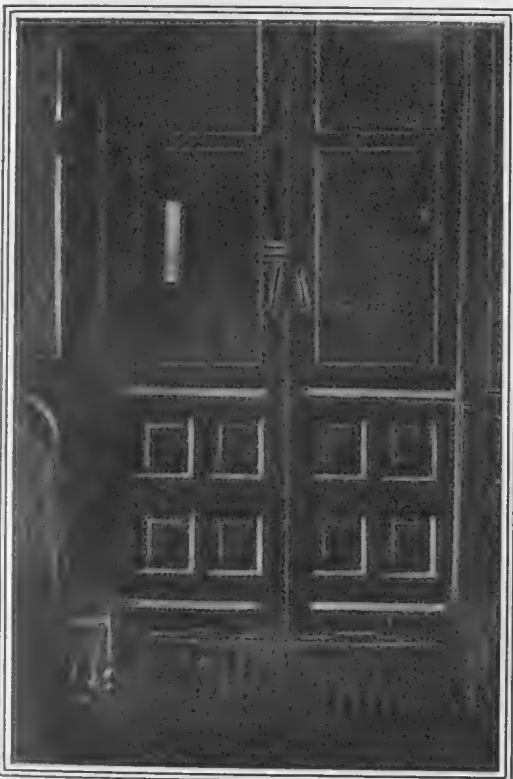
THE FIVE EXPERIMENTS: TESTING THE COMPARATIVE VISIBILITY OF SIGN-POSTS AT NIGHT.

Seeking to test the comparative visibility at night of sign-posts painted in different colours, the Roads Improvement Association have set up five special posts at Tibbets' Corner, at the top of West Hill, Wandsworth, Surrey, at the point at which it joins Putney Heath. The posts are painted as follows: (1) 6-inch bands of black and white alternately; (2) 3-inch bands of black and white alternately; (3) 6-inch bands of red and white alternately; (4) 3-inch bands of red and white alternately; (5) all red.



MOSES, AARON, PETER, PAUL, AND OTHERS AS HOMES FOR BEES: "HUMAN FIGURES" AS HIVES.

At Hoefel, in Lower Silesia, are a number of remarkable life-size figures of painted wood of Moses, Aaron, Simeon, Peter, Paul, and others, which are used as bee-hives. The statues are hollow, save for the heads, and in the front of each is an entrance for the bees. They were set up in the eighteenth century by the Convent of Naumburg, which had an estate in the district. It need scarcely be said that they are a source of great interest to the stranger.—[Photograph by Internationale Illus. Co.]



THE "FAIR FARE" MARK: THE HEIGHT LIMIT FOR FREE RIDES FOR CHILDREN ON THE DOOR OF A CINCINNATI CAR.

The Cincinnati Car Company have placed in all their cars the fare-mark shown. Should a parent claim that her child is entitled to ride free, being under five years old, and should the conductor have his doubts, he hustles the youngster to the fare-mark, and if he or she is over the mark the fare has to be paid.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]



THE SCHOOLBOY GUIDE, INANIMATE YET SPEAKING: A MOST INGENUOUS SIGN-POST NEAR WARMBRUNN.

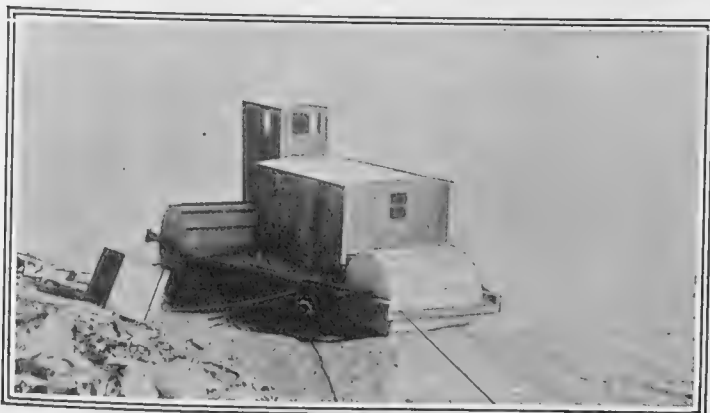
Near Warmbrunn, Silesia, have been set up ingenious sign-posts—figures carved out of the tops of tree-trunks. The one illustrated, which is typical, shows a schoolboy, with the direction written on his slate.

Photograph by Internationale Illus. Co.



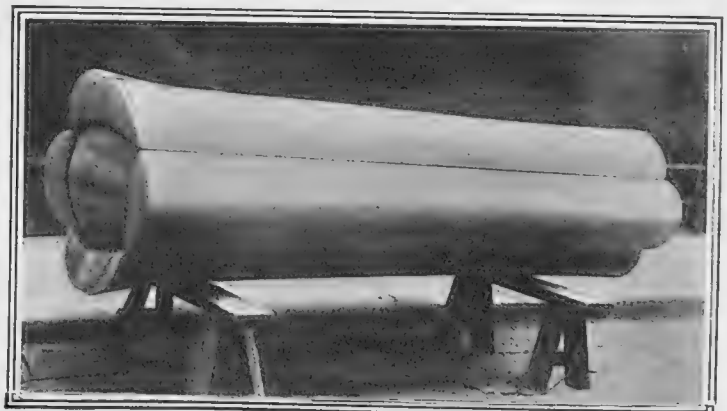
"HIT THE PADDLE" AND GIVE THE NIGGER A TUBBING IN SEA-WATER: AN INGENUOUS SUMMER GAME.

In certain seaside resorts in the United States there is a new form of "cocoa-nut shy" which is called "Hit the Paddle." This paddle is seen projecting on the right of the picture; when it is hit fairly and squarely it lets drop the bar on which the nigger sits, and that worthy falls plump into a tub of sea-water.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]



LIKE A COUPLE OF TOOL-SHEDS AND A PAIR OF GARDEN-ROLLERS: A STRANGE BOAT.

The snapshot depicts one of the most curious boats that has ever ridden the waters. It is the invention of a retired Captain of the American Navy, who claims that it possesses all sorts of remarkable advantages over the ordinary screw-propelled vessel. The boat suggests a steam-roller or a couple of tool-sheds and a pair of garden-rollers, and although it presents a somewhat ungainly picture it does effectually what is claimed for it.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]



LIKE PART OF A FALLEN PILLAR: THE REMARKABLE LOG COFFIN OF A CHINAMAN.

A Chinese coffin is constructed in a very substantial manner, as is shown in our photograph. There is about four times as much wood in it as in the average English coffin, and the wood employed is often of a rare quality. The logs are cut concave inside, as the picture would indicate, and very little is done in the way of decorating the interior. The coffin generally proves the tightest of fits for any but the very smallest of men.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

A Note on the Dead Season.

When looking back at the events of last season — for with August a new season is supposed to begin—one matter seems to me to stand out sharply: the success of "Passers-By," of the Irish Theatre at the Court, and of "Bunt Pulls the Strings." Perhaps certain failures are not less notable, but it is pleasanter to consider the failures indirectly by means of talking about the successes.



THE AUTHOR OF "SALLY BISHOP," WHO WAS MARRIED THE OTHER DAY: MR. E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

Mr. Temple Thurston, whose adaptation of his own novel, "Sally Bishop," was produced at the Prince of Wales's recently, was married the other day to Miss Joan Cann, who, it is generally understood, inspired him to create the character of Bellwattle in "The Patchwork Papers" and "The Garden of Resurrection."

Photograph by Russell.

of vogue, for it must be remembered that the number of people who often visit the theatres in London is but a small percentage of the potential playgoers, and the bulk of the residuum has the taste and standards of the past.

The Simple Drama. The three successes to which I have referred are all works that seek to please by appealing to our sympathy with real people. In the case of the play by Mr. Haddon Chambers, there is more of the exceptional and the wilfully theatrical and the appeal to the eye than in the other instances; also, more use is made of stock theatrical sentiment; yet, certainly, the author aims with considerable ability at a more truthful, sincere presentment of life than there was in most of the failures. During the Irish season at the Court, when, despite many disadvantages, money was earned by the Abbey Theatre Company, there were two groups of plays, the poetical and the realistic. It is with the latter that I am concerned—with grim comedy such as "The Clancy Name" or "Birthright," with "Mixed Marriage," "The Casting Out of Martin Whelan," "The Mineral Workers," and "Harvest," and Lady Gregory's quaint, delightful farces. For here we had pieces admirably acted, seeking a high standard of truth to life, and with little of the ordinary plot and devices of the general stage. Audiences were found for them although they appeared in the thick of the season, when London was offering scores of baits to entertainment-seekers. Now we come to "Bunt Pulls the Strings," this time a Scot's play. By-the-bye, where is gallant little Wales? How is it we find no effort in the Principality, no attempt among the people—so keen in their sense of individual nationality—to give birth to a Welsh drama? No doubt the effort will soon be made. "Bunt" is an almost curiously unsentimental picture of Scots life. Up to a certain point it is a Barrie play, without, perhaps, the touch of genius—also without the blind spot. There is little enough, too, in it of the humour generally associated in the theatres with Bonnie Scotland. Simply mounted, but finely acted, with very little plot and hardly an effort at dramatic situation, it succeeded immediately in catching the humour of a fashionable audience, because Mr. Moffat, as author and actor, assisted by an able company, presented to us

a set of real human beings, under circumstances by no means tremendous, which for a while exhibited their individual characteristics strongly.

The Future.

In reality there is nothing surprising to some of us in these successes. Whilst recognising that there is plenty of room in the theatre for other drama, for Shakespeare, for imaginative and poetical drama by other hands, for plays of a higher intellectual standard, treating also of real life, one knows that the stage has long been waiting for another outburst of modern human drama. Indeed, the success of Miss Elizabeth Baker's piece, "Chains," last year was very portentous. The conventional drama has run round and round, chasing its tail, until the world has grown tired of it, and the much-bemoaned fact that musical comedy and music-halls and cinematograph theatres are full, whilst fashionable theatres are half-empty, is by no means regrettable to those really interested in drama. Easy success is a bad thing for the theatres, and although it is difficult to get managers to understand what are the signs of the times, or what is the meaning of the writing on the wall, the lessons are plain enough, and it will not be long before they are taken to heart. Fortunately the supply of modern drama exists in abundance; indeed, the way in which the modern movement in the theatres has been held back in London will be a subject of great interest to the historian of the

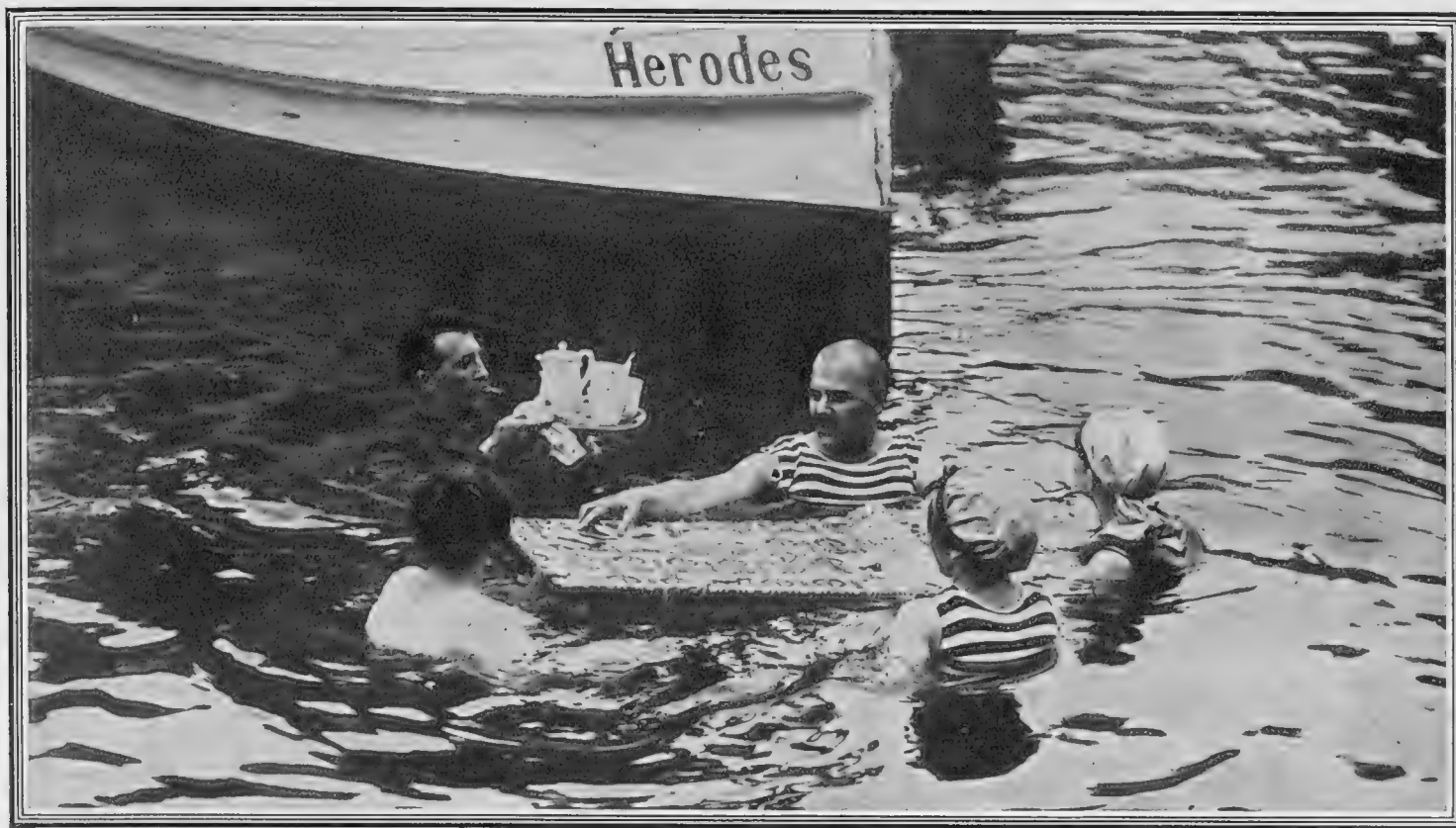


PRESENTER OF "POT LUCK" AT THE PALACE: MISS GERTRUDE ROBINS, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS, WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAYLET.

"Pot Luck" was due for production at the Palace on Monday, the 7th. It yields a picture of life as it is lived in Buckinghamshire villages at the present day within an hour's motor ride from London. It was written by Miss Robins to amuse her country neighbours, and its success, when acted by the Buckinghamshire Players, suggested that it might be acceptable at the Palace as a novel but faithful sketch of rustic life. Within thirty-five miles of Shaftesbury Avenue the old crafts of making chairs and pillow-lace are still practised in the cottages, and the perhaps still older craft of poaching is not unknown.—[Photograph by Arthur Marshall.]

future, though the matter itself is rather painful to the constant playgoer of to-day who visits the playhouses professionally, and to that wonderful body of enthusiasts which, undaunted by disappointment, turns up by its dozens or scores at every first-night.

ON THE SPREE; AND AFTER A THREE-FLAVOURED REPTILE.



SUSTAINED BY THREE THINGS GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING—BUOYANT BATHING-DRESSES, HOT COFFEE, AND MILD BRIDGE.

Interesting experiments have been made recently on the Spree, near Berlin, with a new bathing-dress designed to keep its wearer afloat in the water. The buoyancy of the suit is attained by means of a special fabric the composition of which is a secret. During a regatta held at Grunau not long ago, the inventor of the suit jumped into the water in front of the Kaiser's vessel in order to demonstrate the value of his floating costume. The police arrested him at once—on a charge of indecency! Surely that was an ill reward for a device which seems likely to prove of great value, and has already shown that it possesses the virtues its ingenious maker claims for it.



SHOOTING "MUTTON, VEAL, AND CHICKEN": TAKING A SHOT AT A SNAPPING TURTLE IN CANADA.

The snapping turtle, here shown snapping at a snapshotter, in ignorance of the fact that a bead is being drawn upon him, is unfortunate enough to possess flesh that is much esteemed by hunters for the reason that it has three distinct flavours—mutton, veal, and chicken. Known also as the alligator-terrapin or alligator-tortoise, it attains a considerable size, occasionally weighing between twenty and thirty pounds. It is exceptionally fierce, has very strong jaws, and is most tenacious of life.

Photograph by Fleet Agency.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



A FAIR CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST: MISS MYRTLE JACKSON.

Miss Jackson is well known in Christian Science circles and as a writer of plays and poems. Her latest production is "The Merrythought's Play." Her mother is a Reader at the Second Church of the Christian Scientists.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

otherwise, he is also a successful holiday-maker. Even when he puts aside his cares for an hour, or an afternoon, he does it with a completeness that is, even to himself, astonishing.

Cowes and Cupid. Long before the event the weather had pointed the way to Cowes, and a great gathering of sailors, sails, and parasols had been expected. But beyond all expectation was the Solent packed with yachts and people. The presence of the Queen of Spain, with higher spirits and brighter smiles than those she brought with her on a recent visit to England, the sun, the rumour (always more exciting than the certainty) of various engagements, including Lord Leconfield's, Lord Windsor's, and Sir Hill Child's, and a general briskness of interest in the

GREATER than any other factor in the success of Cowes Regatta was the palpable briskness and keenness of the royal party's participation. George V. is somewhat sentimentally reminded in the *Fortnightly Review* that reached Cowes last week, of his virtues as a "business-like" King. His attention to work is unflagging; he is content, he is told, to have for his recreation from work more work. Perhaps the King, fresh from his morning dip in the Solent with the Prince, smiled as he read this last essay in loyal laudation. He is, of course, a business-like King; but, like every successful man of business, regal or



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: MR. W. L. COURTNEY, WHOSE WORK IS SO WELL KNOWN TO READERS OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

It is announced that Mr. William Leonard Courtney is engaged to be married to Miss Janet Elizabeth Hogarth, daughter of the late Rev. George Hogarth, Vicar of Barton-on-Humber. Mr. Courtney, in addition to his exceptionally able work on the "Daily Telegraph," finds time to edit the "Fortnightly Review" and to act as a director of that famous publishing house, Messrs. Chapman and Hall. He was born at Poona in 1850, son of an Indian Civil Servant. His first wife died in 1907.

Photograph by Lafayette.

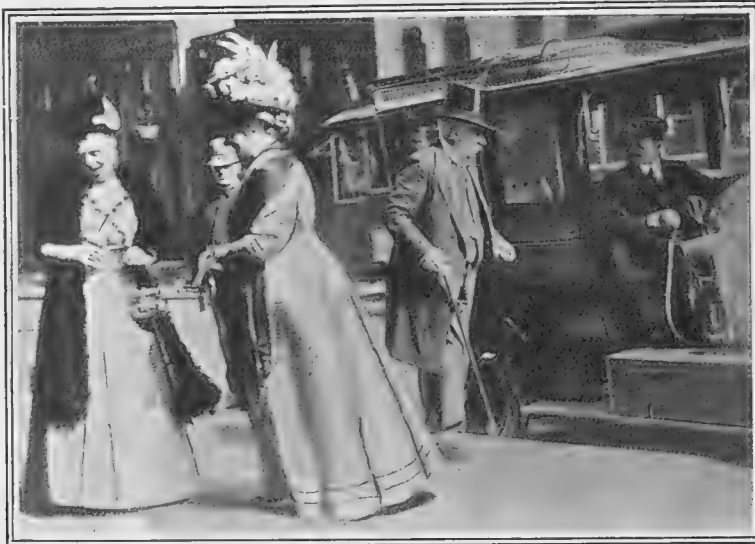
naturally pause at the description of the letters of his friend, Mr. Linley Sambourne, now offered for sale. In one of them Sir Frank will catch sight of a reference to himself. Sambourne's note, to yet another *Punch* man, runs:

"The last letter I wrote to F. C. B. on business he returned to me with 'Can't read it. Hope it's nothing important,' written across the page. I'll see him d—d before I ever write again, except for ancient memories," etc. Let none attempt to anticipate the issue of this unexpected encounter! Perhaps some future catalogue will afford us the opportunity of witnessing the renewal of the battle between champions who, with the help of a little swearing, remained sworn friends!

Peering Into the Future.

Family legends! Robert Louis Stevenson has noted one that was commoner, perhaps, a generation ago than it is now—the existence of a property in the West Indies which has been somehow wrongly alienated from its real owners, to whom its restoration would mean wealth.

That was a tradition of the Stevensons themselves and it is common to nearly all the families who ever possessed plantations or slaves. Another of these visionary heirlooms is the offer of a peerage or a baronetcy to grandpapa—who would not take it, because he thought it nobler to refuse. And this is certain to be the popular family fable of the next



A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE AND CONNOISSEUR AS CHURCHMAN: MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN AT THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION IN CINCINNATI.

Seen with Mr. Pierpont Morgan are Mrs. Pierpont Morgan and the wife of the Bishop of New York.

racing and the racers, left many people with the impression of a champion regatta. Even the Marquess and Marchioness of Ormonde, who know Cowes in all its aspects, can boast no better year. The fact that engagements, beyond anything that rumour names, have been arranged during the last week at Cowes is responsible for the saying that this is a season of calf love.

Sworn Friends. When Sir F. C. Burnand turns over the new leaves of a catalogue of autographs just issued, he will

fifty years. A large company of eligibles have lately been sounded as to their willingness to wear the coronet, should political exigencies demand a wholesale creation. There has been an unprecedented *peering* into the future! The family has shared in an expectation which now is not to be realised. But all is not lost. There remains the pleasure of a great reminiscence; and hardly an Eton boy of half a century hence but will boast: "They wanted to make my grandfather a peer, but he wouldn't."



TO ENTERTAIN THE KING THIS MONTH FOR SHOOTING: THE MARCHIONESS OF RIPON.

Lady Ripon, who will be the King's hostess when his Majesty is shooting at her husband's place, Studley Royal, this month, was the widow of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale when she married the future Lord Ripon in 1885. She is a sister of the fourteenth Earl of Pembroke.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



WIFE OF THE BRITISH FIRST SECRETARY AT CONSTANTINOPLE: MRS. GEORGE CLERK.

Mrs. Clerk was known before her marriage, in 1908, as Miss Muriel Whitwell, daughter of Mr. E. R. Whitwell. Her husband, who was born in 1874, is a son of the late General Sir Godfrey Clerk. He was educated at Eton and at New College, Oxford, and became a clerk in the Foreign Office in 1899.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

SHAM! POOH! ALFRED LESTER IN "THE AMATEUR HAIRDRESSER."



1. TALK: "EVER KEPT YORKSHIRE TERRIERS, MISS?"

2. WORK: "DON'T GIVE IN, MISS."

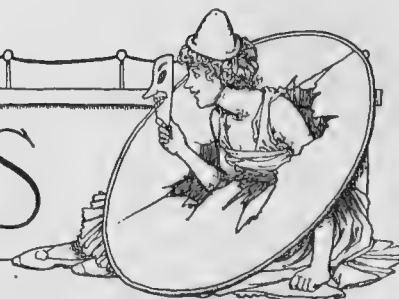
3. SENTIMENT: "AH, MISS, EVEN AN 'AIRDRESSER MAY 'AVE FEELIN'S."

4. DOUBT: "HOW'S THAT FOR CENTRE FORWARD?"

The photographs show Mr. Alfred Lester and Miss Buena Bent in the sketch, "The Amateur Hairdresser," which the former is presenting at the Tivoli. As usual, Mr. Lester revels in the depths of despair; it may even be said that in this case he plumbs them, for he plays a gas-fitter turned hairdresser for a brief space to oblige a friend. He has but one customer! That he is vastly amusing goes without saying.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]



STAR TURNS



MISS PAULINE CHASE.

IT was curiosity, pure and simple, which caused Miss Pauline Chase, one of the youngest and most charming "stars" in the world of the theatre, to become a "star turn" at the Coliseum where, as every *Sketch* reader knows, she is playing the one-act play, "A Little Japanese Girl," to the delight of Mr. Stoll's audiences. She wanted to find out for herself if she liked playing to music-hall audiences. She has done so to her complete satisfaction.

Incidentally, Miss Chase's engagement has given her a new sensation. With the three members of her company she takes her stand on that part of the stage on which her scene has been set and when the time comes for her to appear, the modern magician, in the person of the stage-manager, presses a button, his attendant genii, in the person of the mechanics, pull a couple of levers, and, whizz! round goes the stage, revolving rapidly, until the scene is brought into its place at the end of the joy-ride. That ride Miss Chase enjoys even more than acting, for she finds it nearly as fascinating as flying, and she likes flying better than anything. How many ascents she has made on various aeroplanes it would be difficult to say off-hand; but she certainly holds the height record among amateur women, for she has been up over a thousand feet.

If ever a girl was stage-struck at an early age, that girl was Miss Pauline Chase. It was not so much acting that fascinated her as dancing, and her great ambition was to become a skilled dancer. She was still a school-girl when the chance came to get the small part of a page in a musical play called "The Rounders." The next season, she was engaged for another tiny part in a musical comedy called

"The Liberty Belles." In one scene she had to appear with a lot of other girls in a dormitory. She had always worn pyjamas from the time she was a little girl, and went to the stage-manager and begged to be allowed to wear the night garments to which she was accustomed. He agreed to let her try it. Miss Chase thereupon had the daintiest suit of pink silk pyjamas made. The effect was electrical. The fame of the "pink pyjama girl," as she was called, was established throughout America, and even spread to Europe. It started the fashion, which has grown to large proportions, of women wearing pyjamas.

It was after this that Miss Chase got her first engagement with Mr. Frohman. She wrote to him, and she kept on writing

and sending him Press notices about her dancing, and begged for an interview. At last, one day, she received a telegram, "Come and see me," from him. She got a motor-car and started from Boston, where she had been appearing, and drove to New York. Just before reaching New York, there was a fearful hailstorm. Miss Chase arrived in the city sopping wet. So great was her hurry to see Mr. Frohman, however, that she went straight off to him, without changing, and was ushered into his room in that condition. She explained that not only did she want an engagement specially

with him, but she also wanted one in London, and nowhere else. She was engaged, for Mr. Frohman was then thinking of producing "Peter Pan." She came to London, and, eventually, she was told to call on Mr. Barrie at a certain time one day with a view to his considering her fitness for a part. From Bexhill, where she was staying, she motored to London, and arrived at Mr. Barrie's house an hour later than her appointment. He refused to see her. She refused to accept the refusal, and sent in another message. He relented, and before she left she was engaged for the part of The First Twin. When the rehearsals of "Peter Pan" came on, Miss Chase was wanted to do a dance. She suggested the pillow-case and bolster dance. It was in that way that that popular dance came to be included in the production.

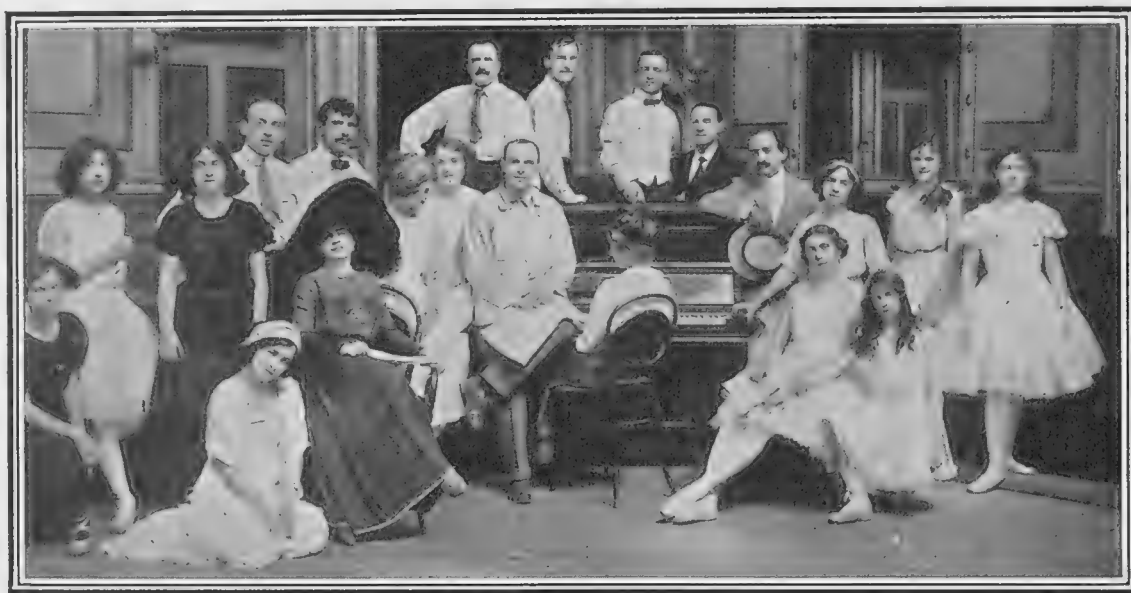
For two years, Miss Chase played The First Twin, and then succeeded to Peter, which she has played for five seasons, and will play again at Christmas. So identified is she with the part, that the two thousand and odd children who have written letters to her always address her as "Peter." Many of them have sent her flowers and little gifts during her engagements at the Coliseum, all addressed to "Peter."

Miss Chase's parts include Columbine in "Pantaloons," in which she appeared on two occasions before his late Majesty and Queen Alexandra, at Windsor and at Sandringham. She has also appeared in "The Scapegrace," a one-act play; and "Miquette," an adaptation from the French, produced at the Duke of York's. Last year she played Miss Gibbs in "New

York, and sang the famous moon song in pink pyjamas, thus linking her latest with her earliest success in the public mind. She was, though, homesick to return to England, where all her interests are now concentrated and where, it is hoped, she will long continue.



AS IT WILL NO DOUBT BE NEXT SPRING: M. MORDKIN, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER, REHEARSING WITH ENGLISH PUPILS.



WITH SOME OF THE ENGLISH COMPANY WHO WILL ACCOMPANY HIM TO THE UNITED STATES THIS AUTUMN: M. MORDKIN.

M. Mordkin, the great Russian dancer, who has won so much fame in this country with Mme. Pavlova, at the Palace, has announced his intention of opening a dancing-school in London in the early spring of next year. The students will be under his own direction, but as, of course, his engagements will not allow him to give every lesson himself, he has arranged that certain dancers from the Imperial Theatres in Moscow and St. Petersburg shall come to this country from time to time to assist him. M. Mordkin is to appear in New York in the autumn. The photographs show him rehearsing with some of the English company who are to go to the United States with him. In the lower photograph also is Miss. Catrina Geltzer, who appeared recently with great success at the Alhambra.—[Photographs by the Murnmann Studio.]

ART - FELT SYMPATHY.



MRS. JONES (*to friend over the wall*): I hear you've got a hartist living with yer, Mrs. Brown.

MRS. BROWN: Yes, 'e does comic pictures for some o' them London papers.

MRS. JONES (*with sympathetic resignation*): Ah, well! you 'as to take all sorts, don't you?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.



THE BATHING-DRESS AND THE CLINGING SKIRT (*simultaneously*): Well, you have got a nerve—
appearing in a costume like that!

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.

A BONE - FIDO BARGAIN.



LADY: What a handsome dog! He must be valuable.

VENDOR: Yer bet 'e is. The gentleman wot I bought 'im of 's offerin' £5 reward if I bring him back.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

VIENNA'S SEASIDE:

A DAY AT THE STRAND BAD



SOMEBODY'S "SISTER" TAKING A SIESTA: A FAIR OCCUPANT OF ONE OF THE NUMEROUS CABINS FOR BATHERS.

ON one of the sandy islands of what is known as the Old Danube, quite close to Vienna and easily reached by tram and ferry, has been instituted one of the most enjoyable and successful bathing establishments in Europe. To this during the hot weather months literally hundreds of thousands of Viennese annually flock day by day to enjoy sun-baths, water and land sports, bathing, lounging, flirting, and all the amusements which are generally found at Continental seaside resorts.

To this favoured spot flock not only the fashionable and upper-class Viennese, with wonderful costumes for wear both when promenading and bathing, but also the middle-class and lower middle-class inhabitants of the Austrian capital, for a day's picnicking in the open air, sports, and bathing.

The establishment is well regulated, and consists of three

In the business houses of Vienna, in the offices and large shops, parties are regularly made up of the men and lady

startlingly original in design and character. Indeed, so much was this the case the year before last that a censorship of costume had to be set up, and certain regulations—not too stringent from an English point of view—were formulated to govern this important matter.

Attached to the Strand Bad are restaurants of the first and second class, where light lunches, other refreshments, and afternoon tea can be obtained at moderate charges, and there is also that favourite institution, a Milchtrinken Hall, where portly Viennese of both sexes imbibe hot or cold milk with a recklessness of adding to their weight which seems extraordinary.

The scene at a restaurant during the bathing-hour, with people sitting about in their bathing-costumes, eating lunches or drinking afternoon tea, is unique of its kind.

The water-chutes, diving-boards, and other mechanical appliances for what are known as



"BATHING, LOUNGING, FLIRTING": A PLEASANT SPOT FOR A DOLCE FAR NIENTE ON AN ISLAND IN THE DANUBE.

clerks, and the assistants, for the purpose of a Sunday at the Strand Bad. And if the relationships are suspected, the officials are too wise to make too searching inquiries, which would only prevent the innocent enjoyment of a large number of people.

The bath charges are roughly divided into two classes—first and second, the first amounting, with use of towel, dressing *cabine*, or tent, and attendance, to from 1s. to 1s. 6d. for each person, with a reduction for members of a family party; whilst the second class, with less luxurious accommodation, a general dressing-shed divided into small cubicles in place of separate tents or *cabines*, somewhat rougher linen, and less



BEFORE THE CAMERA WAS BANISHED FROM THE BATHING ENCLOSURE: POSING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

departments—the "Herren-bad," the "Frauen-bad," and the "Familien-bad," the latter, where family bathing is permitted, being by far the most popular of the three sections. Admission to it, however, can only be obtained by ladies accompanied by gentlemen escorts, or by men accompanied by ladies, the idea being to restrict it to families and parties of relatives. This, of course, cannot be assured, and the authorities are obliged to wink at "relatives" who have met for the first time at the chalet-like entrance where the tickets are obtained.

Here may be seen any day forlorn damsels, and perhaps almost equally forlorn members of the opposite sex, who wish to enjoy the extra fun and brightness of the "Familien-bad," but who first must find a "brother" or some other male relative, or a "sister" or "cousin," as the case may be, to bear them company.



"AND WE ARE HIS SISTERS AND HIS COUSINS AND HIS AUNTS": A GROUP IN THE FAMILIEN-BAD, WHERE RELATIONSHIPS ARE SOMETIMES DISCOVERED AT THE TICKET-OFFICE.

attendance on the part of the bathing men or women, costs from about 8d. to 9½d. Costumes can be hired for about 4d. in the case of the ladies, and 2d. or 3d. in the case of men. But most Strand Bad frequenters of the better sort bring their own costumes, some of which are



THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE: JUVENILE VIENNESE ENJOYING THE DELIGHTS OF THE STRAND BAD.

"water sports" are extremely popular; and for the children the Strand Bad, with its beautiful stretches of sand, with trees in many places coming down to within a few yards of the water's-edge, is indeed a paradise in the hot weather.

So popular, indeed, has the Strand Bad become, that several hotels of a more or less temporary nature, but luxuriously furnished, where most delightful meals can be obtained, have sprung up close to the gates of the establishment, and these are crowded with fashionable folk, on Sundays for lunch, and most days for dinner in the cool of the evening.

The unique pictures with which we are able to illustrate this article, taken before the prohibition by the authorities of the use of cameras within the bathing enclosures themselves, will give a better idea than pages of description of the life and character of this interesting Viennese resort.—CLIVE HOLLAND.

TO GIVE YOU THAT FELLOW FEELING OF WONDROUS KINDNESS.



MORE OR LESS AS ENGLAND IS DOING NOW! PARISIANS SEEKING LODGINGS IN A COUNTRY COTTAGE.

The entente cordiale between France and England really needs no further support, so certain is its strength; but there can be no harm in the presentation of this picture calculated to give the Londoner, who himself is now busy seeking the country, that fellow feeling which creates wondrous kindness. It will be noted also that the countrywoman of France, like the countrywoman of England, is apt to look upon the town birds with some suspicion.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



FOREWORD.—There is no servant of Justice who has a finer record than the eminent detective whose exploits make many a thrilling chapter in the Mystery and Romance of Crime. Without claiming the marvellous powers of deduction possessed by Sherlock Holmes, or the Innocence of Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown, Detective Inspector Chance has rendered substantial service to the cause of criminal investigation

His qualities are freely admitted at Scotland Yard. In the stories selected from his various adventures and experiences, the incidents of which I have gathered from his own memoranda, and in the course of conversation with him, fictitious names are used, although every case dealt with is part of the criminal history of recent times. It was only on a distinct understanding that his adventures should be related in this form that Inspector Chance of Scotland Yard gave permission for the part he had played in the unravelling of some famous mysteries to be made public.

I.—THE MYSTERY OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

I WAS trying to persuade my friend Detective Inspector Chance to write his reminiscences.

"I have often thought of doing what you suggest," he said. "In fact, a year or two ago I got a young journalist friend of mine to put one of my cases into story form. But he had not gone far with it before I found that it came out too much like a novelette, and not like a detective's way of putting things. So the story was left unfinished. You can read it, if you care to."

The famous detective took a manuscript from his desk and handed it to me.

At eight o'clock on a bright June morning the inhabitants of the West Country village of Farley Royal had gathered together in little groups to discuss the amazing happening that had come to disturb the rural peace in which they passed their uneventful lives.

Half-an-hour previously the Squire, Mr. Deane West, had been seen driving through the village in his pony chaise. It had passed from lip to lip that he was on his way to Brentbridge, the nearest town, to obtain the assistance of the police in unravelling a mystery.

In the hush of the midsummer night the Squire's youngest son, Eric, a bright little fellow of four, had been stolen from his father's house, taken from the cot in which he lay asleep by the side of his nurse's bed.

No one in the house had heard a sound. The nurse had not missed her charge until she woke at six in the morning. Then she saw that the boy was gone, and that a blanket was missing from his cot.

The Squire, when he was informed of the disappearance of little Eric, at once concluded that it was an act of revenge on the part of some evil-doer against whom in his capacity as a Justice of the Peace he had been severe.

His boy had been stolen "to spite him."

It was with this idea that Squire West had hurried off to place the matter in the hands of the Superintendent at Brentbridge Police Station.

But long before the Squire returned the mystery of his child's fate had been solved.

Some of the villagers and servants, searching the grounds of the house, had discovered bloodstains on the floor of an old disused outhouse that had a vault beneath it. The discovery caused the searchers to examine the vault. There the body of the child had been discovered. The throat was cruelly gashed. The lifeless little form was wrapped in the missing blanket. When the Superintendent from Brentbridge arrived with a couple of officers, it was only to learn that he had no longer to search for little Eric West, but to discover the author of a cruel and apparently purposeless crime.

Beyond the Squire's own suggestion, that it must be someone whom he had offended, there was no imaginable motive for such an inhuman deed.

But it was difficult to accept the distracted father's theory.

No sound had been heard during the night. The child had not uttered a cry, as it was almost certain that he would have done when he found himself being carried through the house in the dead of night by a stranger.

A dog was left loose in the grounds at night to protect the house, a lonely one, against burglars.

The dog had not barked.

The dining-room door, and the window that gave access to the grounds were found a little open when the servants came down. They had been carefully fastened the night before. But there was

not the slightest evidence that the window had been forced from the outside.

The suspicion of the police was at once centred on the occupants of the house, but their first investigation failed to furnish them with a clue. It seemed impossible that any one of them could be guilty of such a deed.

"That," said John Chance, as I returned the MS. to him, "is as far as my friend had written. But that is just how matters stood when I accompanied one of the cleverest detectives of Scotland Yard to Farley Royal to assist him in unravelling the tangled thread.

"And tangled it certainly was.

"When we arrived on the scene we found not only the villagers, but the people of the neighbouring town, had pretty well made up their minds.

"Some suspected the Squire, and others were strongly convinced that the maid, Alice Lee, was the guilty party.

"My superior officer—I was not an inspector then—took charge of the investigation in the house, and left me to ramble the village and make my own outside inquiries. But every night we met, and compared notes.

"Mr. West had been married twice. His family consisted of his second wife and seven children—four by his first marriage. Of these, the two elder were not living at home. The two younger—Madeleine, a girl of sixteen, and Edward, a boy of fourteen—had just returned from boarding-school. The children of the second marriage were two little girls and Eric, the four-year-old boy with whose tragic fate all England was ringing.

"All the occupants of the house on the night of the tragedy, including even the unhappy mother, had been subjected to a searching examination before we arrived. Not a trace of blood had been found on any particle of clothing in the possession of any member of the household.

"My Chief had made particular inquiries about a missing nightdress belonging to Miss Madeleine.

"But this had been accounted for. It was proved that this young lady and her mother had, before my Chief investigated the matter, been making inquiries of the laundress concerning its disappearance.

"A maid distinctly remembered putting it with the washing the day after the crime was committed and sending it to the laundress.

"It was in consequence of the laundress failing to return it that she was reprimanded by Mrs. West for losing it.

"When we took charge of the case there was already a public clamour that Mr. West and the nurse should be arrested.

"The conclusion at which certain people had arrived was that there was an intrigue between the Squire and the nurse, who was an attractive-looking girl, and that something had happened which might have led to the boy—who was alleged to have been in the habit of carrying tales to his mother—betraying their secret.

"The questions that were being asked to the Squire's detriment were these:

"Why did he order his carriage and drive the long distance to Brentbridge when there was a policeman much nearer?

"The route taken by the carriage lay through open country. He might while driving—he drove a pony carriage and was alone—have disposed of the weapon and other incriminating evidence against himself.

"Why had not he shown the slightest indignation against the nurse, who had allowed the boy to be taken away from the room in which she slept?

[Continued overleaf.]

Sensations We Particularly Dislike:

Materialised by G. G. Studdy.



V.—THE “LAUGHING” FEELING WHEN TAKING GAS.

"Why, instead of suspecting her, did he defend her when it was hinted that things looked black against her?"

"The points urged against the nurse, Alice Lee, were these:

"How could the child have been taken from the bed without her knowledge?"

"It was proved that the door-handle of the bed-room creaked. If a strange person entered the room in the silence of the night why did she not hear it?"

"Why, when she acknowledged that she missed the child when she woke at six, did she wait till seven o'clock before she knocked at her mistress's door to inquire 'if Master Eric was with her'?"

"My Chief, having certain ideas of his own, ignored the local theory, but his views were over-ruled. By order of the local superintendent Alice Lee was arrested and taken before the magistrates.

"But beyond the suspicion entertained by the general public there was nothing to go upon. Not an atom of real evidence could be produced and the girl was discharged.

"The local police had blundered, and blundered badly. Scotland Yard was now upon its mettle.

"The arrest and discharge of the nurse had raised popular excitement to fever-heat. The whole country had taken up the mystery of a midsummer night, and our failure to furnish a clue to it was being hotly discussed in the Press. Into the London papers a torrent of correspondence was pouring, and the *Times* had a leader on the subject.

"That someone in the house was guilty I felt certain. No stranger to the place could have passed the dog who was loose in the grounds. It was a savage animal, and would bark fiercely even if it did not attack a midnight intruder. The only possible theory, as to motive so far as the one that incriminated the Squire and the pretty nursemaid.

"Who will give us the clue?" said the Brentbridge officer one day when we had all met together, discussing the situation.

"Chance," replied my Chief, looking at me encouragingly. He had enormous faith in me, you see—but it was a faith which up to that time I had unfortunately not justified.

"The local officer shrugged his shoulders. 'Chance does not come into this case,' he said; 'I am convinced that I arrested the guilty party in Alice Lee. If the magistrates had been wise they would have given a long remand. As it is she is free, and has left the neighbourhood.'

"She has gone to stay with her father in London," I urged; 'you can always arrest her again.'

"I shall," was the reply, 'and at the first opportunity.'

"That evening I dropped into the village alehouse. I wanted to distract my thoughts by listening to the gossip of the village worthies.

"The talk, as I anticipated it would, soon turned upon the tragedy, and the villagers presently fell to discussing the different members of the family.

"Ay," said one old fellow, 'it's my belief as all the Wests be more or less mad.'

"What have they done," I asked, 'to make you think that?'

"Well—the first Mrs. West was in a 'sylum onst, I've heerd; and Miss Madeleine, her daughter, ha' done some queer things. Do you remember, Willum," he said, turning to the local butcher, 'when her and Master Ed'ard run away dressed up, and went to a hotel at Bath?'

"Ran away," I said, 'and dressed up?'

"Yes—you see, they didn't hit it off somehow with their stepmother; leastways, Miss Madeleine didn't—and she could always do as she liked with her brother. You wouldn't believe as one fine day she got some of his clothes and dressed herself up as a boy. Then she cut off her long hair, and she and him run away and got to Bath, and went to the hotel and asked for rooms for the night, as bold as brass.'

"Really!"

"Yes, they did. But the landlord, he see as they hadn't got no luggage, and he couldn't make 'em out; so he calls the landlady in, and she hadn't looked at the young gentleman with the 'acked hair a minute afore she says, 'Young gentleman, you're a gal.'

"Then the boy got frightened, and he owned up as the other boy was his sister; and the landlord found out who they was, and he wired to Squire, and Squire went and fetched 'em back.'

"Yes," struck in the landlord of the inn, turning to me, 'it's gospel true, but there's one thing as Mr. Peters ain't told you. When they was a-wondering what on earth Miss Madeleine could ha' done with her hair as she'd cut off she owned up and told 'em. She'd put it into a tin and thrown it into the vault in that there disused outhouse in the shrubbery, the same place as the poor little chap's body was found in.'

"I waited till the house closed at ten o'clock—I wanted to hear anything more that might be said—and then I went straight to my Chief's lodgings.

"We've got it," I cried, as I entered his room.

"Got what?"

"The clue. Four years ago, Madeleine West ran away from home because she hated her stepmother. She dressed up as a boy,

cut off her hair and hid it in the vault in the outhouse in the shrubbery. The murderer of little Eric West is his half-sister, Madeleine. She killed him because she hated her stepmother, and she concealed the body in the old hiding-place—the one she had used before.'

"My Chief grasped my hand. 'Chance!' he exclaimed. 'I knew that sooner or later you would find the clue. And you have.'

"You accept it?" I said gleefully.

"Accept it? Of course I do—it only strengthens my own suspicions of the girl. I've never been satisfied with her explanation of the missing nightdress.'

"Let us put the two things together," I said. 'If Madeleine committed the crime her nightdress would be blood-stained. There's a nightdress she cannot account for. It has been lost in the wash, she says—but the laundress denies ever having received it. The boy is found in an unfrequented part of the grounds in a vault the girl had used once before, to hide incriminating evidence—the evidence of her flight. The motive of the murder is the motive of that flight: Hatred of her stepmother and jealousy of the boy, who was her father's favourite. That is motive enough for a girl whose mother was once in an asylum. What are you going to do?'

"To-morrow I shall arrest Madeleine West.'

"My Chief was as good as his word. The next day he arrested Madeleine West, and took her to Brentbridge.

"The clue that I had given him was not evidence, and he made no reference to it. His main point was the missing nightdress. Madeleine West was remanded for a week, during which time she was kept in jail. When she next appeared in court, the housemaid swore the missing nightdress was put in the basket, and the laundress swore that if it was, she never received it.

"But this time it was Scotland Yard that was credited with having made a false move. The magistrate, after hearing the evidence, discharged the girl on her father's undertaking to bring her up again 'if called upon.' Then the Temperance Hall, in which the inquiry had been held, rang with the applause of the public.

"As I left the court, I saw my Chief. I turned to him anxiously, and said, 'Do you still believe that I gave you the clue?'

"He looked me straight in the eyes, 'I am sure,' he answered.

"But I had done him a bad turn. The next day he paid the penalty for his 'false move' by being taken off the case and recalled to the Yard, and I returned with him.

"With the failure of the second arrest in the Farley Royal mystery, the task of the police was practically over. The inquiry was carried on by the Press and the public. In the last leading article written on the subject before the excitement died down, the writer thus summed up the situation:

"Mr. West has explained all his actions that were suspicious; Madeleine West has told her story. The charge against her was an imprudence: that against the nurse, Alice Lee, an injustice. The truth concerning the murder of little Eric West is locked up in the conscience of its perpetrator and the judgment-book of Heaven.'

"It was the conscience of its perpetrator that revealed it at last.

"Four years later, Madeleine West made a voluntary confession.

"She had entered a religious retreat, and one day she laid her guilty soul bare to a priest. This is the story as she told it. She had taken one of her father's razors from his drawer, some days before the date of the murder. Shortly after midnight she had stolen into the nurse's room, taken the sleeping child from its bed, withdrawn the blanket to wrap it in, passed through the dining-room, opened the window, and gone out into the grounds with only her nightdress on, but with goloshes on her feet because they made no noise. She had remembered that she had once hidden her hair where nobody found it, till she told the searchers where to look. Remembering this, she had carried the boy to the disused outhouse, behind the shrubbery, and killed him there.

"While her father was away in search of the police she had cleaned the razor and replaced it in his case. The missing nightdress was not the one she wore. That she had burnt. But it left her with only five, and she knew she would have to account for six. So she put out the one she was wearing to go with the soiled linen to the laundress.

"When it had been entered on the washing-list, she managed to get it out of the basket again. In this way she was able to produce five out of her six nightdresses, and to rely on the evidence of the maid to prove that the sixth had gone to the wash.

"On the day that Madeleine West was found guilty—the capital sentence was afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life—my old Chief, then retired, was in court. As we came out together he grasped my hand.

"Chance," he said, 'my belief in your clue was never shaken. I knew that you were right.'

"That," said my friend Inspector Chance, "is the story of the tragedy at Farley Royal. The truth came to light at last, but one terrible idea has always haunted me in connection with it.

"If Madeleine West in putting back her father's razor had left upon it a single mark that could have connected it with the deed, what might the end of my story have been?"

THE FAIR MONTHS OF THE YEAR: AUGUST.



"THE REFLEX OF A BEAUTEOUS FORM,
A GLOWING ARM, A GLEAMING NECK,

AS WHEN A SUNBEAM WAVERS WARM
WITHIN THE DARK AND DIMPLED BECK."

Photograph by S. Elwin Neame.

—TENNYSON: "THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER."

A SUGGESTION FOR A COOL GOLF COURSE.



WHY NOT PLAY ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS? AN IDEAL SUMMER GOLF COURSE IMAGINED AND PLANNED
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON — BOGEY : 999.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Farmers and Golfers. I suspect that the farmers are often misrepresented. In each clubhouse that I linger at in these summer days there is nearly always a very wise and serious-looking man who, having had little enough to do with farms and farming, knowing not what a heifer is, and being unable to distinguish oats from wheat when both are in the growing, yet seems eternally and most deeply concerned for the welfare of these farmers and is apparently supplied with special information concerning their needs. This would be well enough if the farmers liked what other people, and especially golfers, like, but, according to their clubhouse friends, they never do. When I got wet through on the links twelve rounds in succession, as happened once last summer, I was told that the farmers were having a great time; when recently I saw my most beloved courses scorched and their best playing properties destroyed, much of the substance of my own weary body having been melted down upon them—a pathetic if unwilling sacrifice—the friend of the farmers playing with me, and getting the beating he deserved, bade me rejoice, as he did, that what was my loss in golfing comfort was the gain of the farmer, who was at that moment inclined to be delirious in his joy and satisfaction. I cannot believe that the interests of farmers and golfers are so diametrically opposed as they are represented to be, and I decline the proposition that all the farmers are selfish kill-joys praying always for weather that shall suit them and nobody else. Why should a corpulent coal-merchant (handicap 18) and a City solicitor (handicap 11) tell me when I start out to play, and make my observations upon the state of the course and its needs in the matter of weather, that the farmers want something quite different and they must come first in all considerations? Will not the farmers supply us with an official statement of their requirements, that we golfers, in our supplications to the Clerk of the Weather, may not seem to be disregarding of them?

A Serious State of Things. All this is not nonsense, but exceedingly serious. This has been an amazing summer season, and it brings complications and difficulties towards the end—the most important part of it in many respects. A very special kind of weather is needed for a month or more if our golfing holidays are to be anything like so satisfactory as they should be. We have entered the holiday period already, and, thanks to that terrible

July, few courses are in really good order for the game. Most do not look as if they will be for some time to come. Yet a great actor (handicap 20, and badly off his game at that) assures me that if we are to get what we want, the farmers

will be ruined. The conditions we have had to endure in recent weeks will have the effect, I believe, of making most golfers to whom it is convenient delay their annual summer feast of the game until a later period than usual. At the present, they are largely in doubt as to where they should go for their best pleasure and for their proper comfort in the game. I find an increasing disposition among them to depart from the beaten track and try fresh links in out-of-the-way places, where a slight inferiority, perhaps, in the fairways and the putting-greens is more than compensated for by smaller crowds on the first tee and rounds that are not unduly prolonged by weary waiting at the short holes. But then, on the other hand, playing on some of the best courses

lately, I have observed a most amazing sparsity of players, due, perhaps, a little to the heat, but certainly much to that disposition to search out new golfing-places in the nooks and crannies of these islands. When asked for advice and suggestions in this matter, therefore, I am strongly tempted to refer the doubtful ones, as often before, to the South Coast of England. The new trains on the South-Eastern will switch you down to the Deal and Sandwich golfing district without a change in two hours from Victoria, and bring you back in the same time. You may travel for ten times as long, and get golf which is not half so good.

Aids to Comfort. But no matter where they may be going you will find golfers this season much more anxious than usual about adopting means for securing their personal comfort while playing; the weather has been threatening it so seriously. It is known that early morning sea-bathing, providing such a feeling of comfort and coolness for some while afterwards, upsets one's game; but a man has been shouting at me a great discovery of his, that if you take a warm bath after the dip in the ocean the capacity for good golf is maintained. Yet this seems rather like taking poison first and an antidote afterwards for the benefit of one's health. Men have need to be very seriously concerned about their feet comfort just now. When the heat wave was at its worst one man playing on the same course that I was regularly changed his socks and shoes at the turn, and he was an exceedingly wise man. Such a change at noon is to be earnestly recommended for the good of one's game. Those who cannot play in rubber, and want something lighter

than their ordinary golfing footgear, may be advised to give a trial to shoes with soles of medium thickness, having very thin uppers such as those made of glacé kid. The necessary purposes are well served, and it is an idea well worth the trial.



A STREAM WHICH MUST BE CARRIED TEN TIMES DURING A ROUND: A FEATURE OF THE LINKS AT NUWARA ELIYA, THE WELL-KNOWN HILL STATION OF CEYLON.

The eighteen holes of the course are set on either side of the stream, which, in its winding path, presents numerous interesting hazards. It must be crossed ten times during a round. The club's caddies are a tribe of brown-skinned pygmies of scant attire of nondescript cut. Although their years are tender they will see you round satisfactorily, and they are quite willing to plunge bare-legged into the water to rescue a ball as the current is whirling it away.



A GOLF COURSE SEVEN DEGREES FROM THE EQUATOR: ON THE 13TH GREEN OF THE LINKS AT NUWARA ELIYA, WHICH HAVE BEEN DESCRIBED AS THE FINEST GOLF COURSE IN ASIA.

Although the golf course is only seven degrees from the Equator, its greens are fresh throughout the year, for it is set at the cool altitude of 6200 feet above sea-level, and there is an abundant rainfall. Membership of the club is confined to residents of the island, but ample hospitality is offered to visitors.

FRIVOLITIES

OF PHRYNETTE



BACK TO THE LAND OF MY YOUTH.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I AM not at all well, *mes pauvres enfants*. I don't know whether it is Paris water, the emotion at seeing my friends again, or the revues. In the first and the last case, I admit that it serves me right, but water that runs whether from a tap or a spring is always more tempting than something warm in a bottle. I reproached Tréville for not warning me the water was impure.

"My dear child," he said, apologising the while with his shoulders, "I am a very busy man, if you expect me to point out all that is impure in Paris, oh! la la."

Oh, *chère moi*! And the cholera is in Marseilles! You cannot hope for anything Marseillais to contain itself, can you? It is sure to spread itself to Paris, perhaps it is here already. Ah me! at best I must be a living aquarium, full of swimming microbes. If it's not the water, then it must be the revues. Alas, alas! where is the wit of yester-year? *L'Esprit Gaulois* is more *Gaulois* than ever, but it is *esprit* no longer—it has grown heavy, gross, and unclean.

every night those poor perspiring *petites femmes*, who are the only *raison d'être* of the Paris revues. And the majority of those pretty little painted persons sweat and smile and salaam, and sell their souls for quite as much as—seventy francs a month! And some have children, and many have an *amant de cœur*, whom they keep. Oh! the jollity of stage-life for all but the stars. But even the star, who has a whole dressing-room to herself, diamonds, an hotel, hideous little dogs, automobiles, and financiers, even she has to sweep the catacomby, evil-smelling corridors with her frills of real lace. Dirt matters not at all behind the scenes—while on the boards, dirt is the whole matter. I never rejoice so much at Austen's density as when we go to a Paris music-hall. One's husband is the last person before whom one should blush. When I speak of my husband's denseness I do not mean to imply that he is not intelligent—he is; but of a very special intelligence, a masculine one. He'll never by any luck guess anything or anybody or feel any

WIDOW OF THE LATE SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, THE FAMOUS ORIENTALIST AND POET, AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA": LADY ARNOLD (KUROKAWA TAMA).

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

I could not say whether it was any "better in my time," because *petit Père* never took me to revues. I very much doubt if he ever went there himself; if he did, I am sure he never listened but with his eyes. The little women on view at those revues are indeed an attractive lot, though very few of them have a pretty face. French people use the words "a pretty woman" in not quite the same cases as English people do. In England a pretty girl is one with regular features. Here the face is only an eighth part of the whole, as it is, I believe, to the painter and the sculptor, and only receives its eighth part of attention. An ankle, a waist, and a neck have, in the appreciation of a Frenchman, as much importance as the eyes, the nose, or the lips. So that to be deemed good-looking, a Frenchwoman must be good-looking all round, and withal she can be quite mediocre in the details of the face.

I know, for I am studying my countrywomen as I never studied them before. I even accompany Austen in the *coulisses*. I think it is only wise to show the man who loves you the beauties of the stage at very close quarters. A wife must never quail: she must invite comparison and smile, even if the comparison is not to her advantage. Let her be quite sure of her charm—and there it is, she makes you feel it, she makes you see it. Besides, those ladies of the music-hall stage, they are really far more redoubtable at a distance. In their dressing-rooms their very dash evaporates. I say dressing-rooms by courtesy—I have never been behind the scenes in England, but I feel sure it cannot be quite as dirty, as stuffy, as badly-planned, as overcrowded as the hovels where for four and five hours (without counting matinées and rehearsals) suffocate



APPOINTED A PAGE-OF-HONOUR TO THE KING IN THE ROOM OF THE HON. E. G. W. T. KNOLLYS: MR. EDWARD JAMES REID, ELDER SON OF SIR JAMES REID, THE FAMOUS PHYSICIAN.

Photograph by Spaight.



A MAGNET WHICH ATTRACTS BERLINERS IN LARGE NUMBERS: A STATUE OF A GERMAN EMPEROR-TO-BE.

The statue is an excellent portrait of Prince William, eldest son of the Crown Prince William, eldest son of Kaiser William. The Imperial youngster is now five—he was born, to be exact, on July 4, 1906.—[Photograph by E.N.A.]

event creeping on; but explain to him the most fabulously difficult thing on earth, like the Marconi system, or electricity, or the rule of three, and fiendish things like that, and he will grasp them, assimilate them, and remember them, like a constrictor with a tender, plump rabbit. While I, who know what a man is going to tell me before he invites me to a waltz, and what a woman really means when she calls me "darling"—well, explain to me how or why a thermometer goes up and down like an Irishman, and not only I can't understand, but I can't even listen. So I too am dense, and we are a well-assorted couple.

It is touching to see foreigners laughing at jokes which would give them a fit of apoplexy were they really understood. In front of us, at the Alcazar the other night, was a whole party of Americans. Tréville thought they were English—he had not noticed that the men wore their coats too long, their trousers too large, their shoulders too broad, their straw hats too wide and too flat. But Tréville is not an exception. Paris is full of "smart" Parisians dressed à la Yankee, and quite convinced they are turned out in the best London style.

The heat is terrific. Everybody looks at everybody else with pity, the very ice melts at sight, we all gasp in unison, and Paris is drank dry. Frocks are worn more open at the neck than they ever were since 1830. Every woman looks in evening dress from the early morning, and, if she has the sun behind her, you can tell, without the X-rays, with how very little a Frenchwoman can manage in the way of dress. It's not French economy, it's the heat, and we are all too limp to care.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

The Great Gala Day. The Gala Meeting at Brooklands on Saturday, 29th ult., when a large contingent of R.A.C. members and members of the associated clubs gathered to participate in and witness a long and varied programme of automobile events, proved so popular and successful that it is almost certain of repetition next year. In the inter-club events the Yorkshire A.C. and the Coventry and Warwickshire M.C. particularly distinguished themselves, each finishing first and second for the hill-climb and the relay race. The meeting was also noticeable for the dual success of Miss Muriel Wilson, who won the Declaration Handicap and the Blindfold Driving Competition on a 36.3 Austin. The whole company were greatly gratified and complimented by the unexpected and unannounced presence of H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia, who drove down in his Benz and watched the whole programme through with the keenest interest.

Novel Club Tour. The Herts County Automobile Club has arranged a tour for its members which presents many attractive features over and above those of the ordinary tour. This event takes the form of a run from Hatfield to Kendal and back, a spice of competition, which should make it interesting to all taking part, being introduced. At the commencement of the journey each competitor will be credited with 300 marks, which will be apportioned as follows: 100 for reliability, 100 for hill-climbing, and 100 for mechanical condition of machine—that is, 20 each for brakes, mudguards, engine and silencer, footrests, and pedals. There will be two controls on each of the outward and homeward journeys, and two hill-climbs on the Harrogate-Kendal portion of the route will be included. The hills will be taken with a flying start, results will be worked out on A.C.U. formula, and the highest figure of merit in each class will set the standard for that class and be credited with full marks. On the off-day of the tour the Lakes will be visited. In this undertaking the Herts C.A.C. point a way in which club tours may be invested with more than usual interest and made attractive to members.

Miles per Gallon at a Glance. There are many motor-car owners who rejoice at the presence of numerous gauges and tell-tales upon their dashboards. The more this resembles the fire-box front of a locomotive the better they are pleased, and the more interest they feel in their good car. Now, in addition to petrol pressure and oil gauges, speed-indicators, revolution-counters, timepieces, inclinometers, all of which I have seen upon the dashboards of the fanciful, there is one fitting for which I must admit a weakness, and which will appeal to many. I noticed it the other day upon a car which had been pulled up

before a favourite motoring-hotel on the South coast, and its owner expressed himself most enthusiastically with regard to it. It was the Jarrott miles-per-gallon indicator, and consists of a cylindrical petrol-tank, holding one pint of petrol, with an external graduated gauge-glass fitted with a stop-cock and a length of tubing for connection to the carburetter. In lieu of showing gallons and their fractions, the gauge shows miles per gallon, so that when the cylinder is filled and the car run over a measured mile, the exact mileage per gallon can be read off the gauge with the utmost exactitude without any further measurements or calculations.



HOW THE AIRMAN MAY TALK WITH PEOPLE THIRTY-FIVE MILES AWAY: A WIRELESS-TELEGRAPH OUTFIT ON A FARMAN BIPLANE.

An All-British Electric-Light Plant.

In the case of the consideration of an electric-lighting plant for installation on an automobile, the certificate just issued by the Royal Automobile Club in connection with a 2000-miles trial of a Polkey-Jarrott electric-lighting set is well worthy of attention. In the first case it is satisfactory to learn that the country of origin is England, and that the trial, so far as my recollection carries me, is the most satisfactory one yet carried out by the Technical Department of the R.A.C. The test consisted of commencing with discharged accumulators and running for 2000 miles upon the road in thirteen trips, all at night, with the exception of the first and last days. Much rain was encountered throughout, and fog obtained upon five nights. At the commencement of the test the readings of the battery were 7½ volts and 3½ ampères, after 115 miles had been run with lamps unlit the readings were 8.5 volts and 4.5 ampères. The longest trip was 170 miles and the shortest 79.5 miles. The lamps were alight for 109½ hours on the whole, and the condition of the entire apparatus at the close of the trial was most satisfactory.

Birds in Your Little Nests.

It is interesting to learn that, according to their chairman, the Automobile Association and M.U. are still giving careful consideration to the very important matter of the National Council of Motoring. Mr. Hicks said that arrangements had been made for a joint conference between representatives of the Automobile Association and the promoters of the Council. The term promoters is, perhaps, rather an unhappy one to use in this connection, smacking as it does of company business, for there can be no suggestion of gain or self-seeking in a proposal which, whether the A.A. approves or no, is genuinely intended for the good and furtherance of automobilism. There is just the slightest feeling that in this matter the A.A. are standing a wee bit too straitly upon their dignity and the pride of their big battalions. The A.A. ædiles must remember that in such an important matter something more than mere heads counts.

(Continued on a later page.)



RECEIVING A WIRELESS MESSAGE FROM AN AEROPLANE FLYING AT A DISTANCE OF MANY MILES: TAKING DOWN THE AIRMAN'S MESSAGE IN A MOTOR-CAR FITTED WITH RECEIVING APPARATUS.

Two French officers, Captain Brenot and Sub-Lieutenant Menard, of the Engineers, succeeded the other day in sending wireless messages over a considerable space from an aeroplane in flight, communicating with the Minister of War, in Paris, and the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower. The greatest distance covered by the messages from the aeroplane, which was travelling at a high rate of speed, was thirty-five miles, but it is hoped that a greater distance will be achieved before long. The experiments were conducted on a Farman biplane. The installation weighed 45 lb. The Hertzian waves were produced by a magnetic attachment to the aeroplane's motor. A 130-yard coil of wire on a revolving drum acted as the antenna. The biplane was flown to a height of some 1500 feet, the antenna hanging over its stern. No difficulty was experienced in getting a powerful spark.



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

The St. Leger. Although the day of the St. Leger is very near, there is not much discussion, and less betting, on the great Doncaster race. This is probably due to the "ifs" in connection with it. In winning the Derby, Mr. J. B. Joel's Sunstar so strained himself that it is a matter of doubt as to whether he can be got through the preparation necessary for a race like the St. Leger. Should this turn out to be the case, it would be a thousand pities, for this brilliant Sundridge colt, on his form this year, looked a sure "triple crown" winner, and that is a rare distinction—one that has been achieved by only ten horses. The last occasion was in 1903, when Rock Sand secured the three principal races of the season. It seldom falls to the lot of a racehorse owner to go right through a season on the crest of the wave—the Duke of Portland proved the exception in the year when he won that prodigious sum in stakes that still ranks as a record for our country; and if Sunstar fails to stand training for the St. Leger, Mr. J. B. Joel may not be able to see the triumphs of his colours continued on the Town Moor, for useful as his Lycaon undoubtedly is, I rate him lower than the champion of Stanley House—that is, King William. There is another colt I should expect to beat Lycaon also, and that one is Prince Palatine, who showed at Goodwood that his form with Mushroom at Newmarket was all wrong. Phryxus had won his race at Liverpool very easily, but Prince Palatine beat him without an effort, and such was the impression he made that many looking on marked him "dangerous" for the St. Leger. Beyond the horses mentioned there seems to be nothing in the race likely to cause trouble, with the possible exception of Faucheur, the crack French colt. Atmah, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, stands her ground, but I fancy she was very lucky to win that race. Should anything go wrong with King William, Stanley House could be represented by Bridge of Allan, who showed signs of being an improving sort when he dead-heated with Eton Boy, although that hardly reads like St. Leger form. Beaurepaire, who broke down in his Derby preparation, is in work again, with an idea of his running in the Doncaster classic, but I do not fancy danger will come from this quarter.

That Gate. There are a certain class of racegoers who, when things go a little awry with them, regard the starting-gate as the cause of all their trouble. They may be likened to Mr. Dick, who couldn't keep King Charles's head out of his own. He always got back to that unlucky Monarch, and there are many men on the Turf with memories so short (or feelings so bitter, which is it?) that they will drag in the gate. Whatever may be the drawbacks to the present-day system of starting races, one fact stands out as incontrovertible, and that is: it is infinitely superior to the flag system. After listening to some of the grumblers one can only come to the conclusion that anything short of perfection will not satisfy them. They seem to forget that

horses are animate, and that they are intelligent enough to know what they are doing. If a horse is left at the post, it is said that the gate, or the man working it, is at fault. The fact is that the gate is to the horse a sign that he is required to race and as he doesn't feel inclined to do so he just stays when the others get away. This species of horse was not discovered with the adoption of the barrier; he was known in the flag days, and he caused just as much trouble. In those days it was no uncommon thing for races to be half-an-hour late. Nowadays we fret and fume at a five minutes' delay. It is not many years since the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood was not started until fifty-four minutes after the advertised time; this year I heard a man talking about "this interminable delay," and the start was roughly about a quarter of an hour late! Not only is the starting more punctual nowadays, but it is better—that is, fewer horses get away with flying leads, and those that do, deserve it, for it mostly shows them to be exceedingly "nippy." Another point in favour of the gate is that the old jockeys cannot spoof the little boys at the post as they used to.

Too Much Theory. The men who make a living out of backing horses are a small minority, and I have no doubt one of their principal assets is practicality. By that, I mean that they do not indulge in too much theory—that is a luxury they leave to the larger body of punters, who take part in the game for excitement, or "sport," as the common term goes.

A very large percentage of backers of horses lose their money through too much fantastic theorising. Before placing their money on a horse, they will enter into all the details of form, suitability of the horse for the course, the state of the going, whether the track is flat, finishes on the rise, or vice versa. All this may be very admirable, showing as it does that caution controls the dealings of this particular section, and the results may prove the deductions; but I maintain that it is possible to have too much of a good thing.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE

Kempton, to-day: Mortlake Plate, Meddling; Princess's Plate, Buttery; St. James's Stakes, Bridge of Allan; Round Course Handicap, Sir Oracle. Gatwick, to-morrow: Kingswood Handicap, Lychnis; Warnham Plate, Cyrene; Horsham Plate, Kosmos colt; Nutfield Welter, Lady Prioresse. Leicester, Friday: Wigston Plate, Belle of Erin; Evington Plate, Ugbrooke; Stoughton Handicap, Noorna; Prince of Wales's Plate, Kniphofia; Oadby Stakes, Oliver Goldsmith. Saturday: August Handicap, Henry Potts; Belvoir Castle Handicap, Sita; Appleby Plate, Blue Dress; Oadby Handicap, Thorndyke; Wistow Plate, King Oswald. Nottingham, Monday: Nottingham Handicap, Brancepeth; Bentinck Plate, Blue Dress. Tuesday: Welbeck Handicap, Wildrake; Bestwood Handicap, Election.



"I'LL SING THREE SONGS ON ARAB STEED!" MISS ELSIE TERRY MOUNTED TO SING.

Miss Elsie Terry sings all her songs while riding in the costume and manner shown. She made her first appearance in England the other day, at the London Hippodrome.

Photograph by A. Delbosq.



MOVING A HOME AT NOME: A TWENTY-HORSE TEAM DRAGGING A HOUSE FROM ITS OLD RESTING-PLACE TO A NEW SITE, IN ALASKA.

Photograph by F. H. Nowell.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Undue Gregariousness of Modern People.

For real rest of mind and body we moderns take our holidays too strenuously, and in the society of too many of our own kind, and even of our own class. The Londoner who hurries off to some Bohemian spa or some crowded Alpine centre, of necessity meets again all the people with whom he has been dining and junketing for months past. He will have to exchange the same

ideas—or endure the want of them—while his feminine belongings will continue their little rivalries of dress and acquaintances; in short, he will get no intellectual change whatever. I think men, as a rule, fare better in the matter of holiday-making, for they are usually, in their sports or pastimes, thrown intimately with another class than their own. The poet Edward Fitzgerald, it is notorious, held in extraordinary esteem the somewhat dense fishermen and sailors of the East Anglian coast. Other men can “get on”—and incidentally derive much information and amusement—with gillies, boatmen, fishermen, game-keepers, mountain-guides and all who contribute to the success of their summer holiday. And in sticking chiefly to the society of these simple, open-air people, men do much more wisely than women, who seldom change the character of their intercourse, and so lack breadth of mind and an understanding of other classes than their own. In short, to be too gregarious on a holiday is to miss half the relaxation which should be ours.

Strangers and Pilgrims.

We ought, as a matter of fact, to fare forth alone, with the proverbial staff and scrip (or their equivalent in modern “compressed trunks”) leaving our family to take their holidays in other and various ways, while we go out to

enjoy strange places, unfamiliar things, an alien tongue, and exotic dishes. For, exquisite as the countryside of England is, there is no doubt that we get more mental relaxation and stimulation on the Continent of Europe or overseas. And some parts of the Continent, in this respect, are far more stimulating than others. In Dinard or Dieppe, for instance, you will largely hear the English language, and will be invited out to bridge precisely as if you were at Eastbourne or Scarborough. There is no use hurrying to the Riffel Alp in August if you want to avoid professors, nor to St. Moritz unless your fancy runs to the higher ranks of the dramatic profession. For England has made the high places of Europe almost exclusively her own. On the other hand, you may pick out the most unlikely spot, and find that the most exhausting bore of your acquaintance is already definitely installed there. One has even known unlucky travellers who have chosen a remote German Kur-Anstalt only to find their most intimate enemy in full blast of “treatment.”

A Unique Outing.

It would seem as if the only way to avoid contact with one's own race and kindred was to take some such peaceful holiday as is described by Mr. H. G. Wells in his visionary work, “A Modern Utopia.” It was one of the

rules of the order of the English Samurai that, once a year, a man or a woman was obliged to go out “into some wild and solitary place,” must speak to no one, and have “no sort of intercourse with mankind.” They had to go without books to amuse them, or weapons to defend themselves; neither could they carry writing materials or coin of the realm. They were allowed a rug or a sleeping-sack, for it was incumbent on them to take their night's rest at the “Hotel of the Beautiful Star,” and they might carry enough provisions for the week, though they were not allowed to make a fire. Unless this unique villégiature was passed in Africa, the latter restriction seems a little hard. They were allowed to look at maps before they started, but not to take any with them, and they were to go far aside from beaten tracks—away “into the bare, quiet places of the globe.” All this rigour, of course, was intended as a moral and mental training, to “insure sturdiness of mind and body—to free them from personal quarrels and personal affections, and the things of the heated room.”

Mental Atmosphere of Houses.

All that part of this wonderful scheme was greatly to the good, for you will never find, in people who live much in the open air—in sailormen, shepherds, big-game hunters, mountaineers, coast-guardsmen—that pre-occupation with trivial things, with personal squabbles and rivalries, which characterizes the sedentary individual. There is no doubt the mental atmosphere of houses can be as pestilential, as harmful, as infectious as if some dire disease had gained a hold. The only way to avoid catching the prevailing tone is to fly from contagion, and the open air, in prolonged doses, is a specific against an insidious mental ailment peculiar to family and conjugal life. Just now, when the “solitary system” in prisons is being decried by philanthropists as inhuman and unjust, it is curious that there is, in the more refined and cultivated classes, a distinct tendency to “make retreats,” to camp out alone in Egyptian and African deserts, to go into rigorous Teutonic “cures,” where much lettuce and little clothing are the rule—in short, to isolate oneself from one's fellows and to lead a life of strict abstinence from carnal joys.

Contrasts.

For, after all, it is the unknown, the unexpected, the unfamiliar which appeals to our sophisticated imaginations, and there are few pleasures more keen than in setting out, at holiday-time to some new and interesting country. It may be we shall get our Pisgah sight in the beautiful, remote Lofoten Islands within the Arctic circle; from some obscure mountain in the Caucasus; or among the pine woods and lakes of Finland: the thing is, if we can afford the journey to be sure that we get it; that once a year, at least, we lose touch with common, everyday familiar things.



[Copyright.]

A GOLFING COSTUME.

This neat golfing costume is in cheviot trimmed with panels of black and white cloth laid in alternate stripes.



[Copyright.]

A SEASIDE COSTUME.

This delightfully cool costume for the seaside is of linen trimmed with three scalloped flounces. One sleeve is of linen embroidered in a raised star design.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 14.

HOLIDAY SLACKNESS.

WITH the atmosphere of Bank Holiday still further accentuated by the general August feeling, it is not to be expected that the Stock Exchange can be at all busy. Orders come by fits and starts, and there is nothing in the present situation to encourage activity of any sustained character. The political outlook abroad is by no means settled, and, as suggested before, there will probably be considerable ups and downs before the final settlement is arrived at. There is a good deal of play every day in the Stock Exchange, and this spirit of levity in regard to such serious subjects as Finance is the only excuse we can offer for allowing Mr. Caudle to pursue his little series of Curtain Lectures, as delivered by his wife, in the next column.

LABOUR TROUBLES.

Month by month it becomes more manifest that the great difficulty with which the railway market at home—and to a lesser degree in the United States—has to contend is that concerned with Labour. The summer is not usually the time when labour agitations flourish, but this year the spring and summer have been fraught with continual alarms from strikes, threatened and actual. Whatever the root cause may be we leave politicians and economists to define: we have to deal with the facts. Where settlements are reached, they come, English-like, through compromise, and this means that the masters have to pay more than they were doing before. Additions to wages' bills are already being provided against by the Home Railways in the substantial grants made to "special reserve" funds, and the companies are wisely taking advantage of their six months prosperity in order to build up these contingency appropriations. The investor sees plainly enough what is going on, and in his calculations makes due allowance for a factor the problems surrounding which are not likely to grow less as time goes on.

HOME RAILWAY GILT-EDGED STOCKS.

In response to several requests for representative securities showing the yields obtainable at the present time upon Home Railway Prior Charge issues, the following—which we take from an excellent list published by a firm of dealers in the House—will, we hope, be of service—

Stock.	Price.	Yield.
North-Western 3 per cent. Debenture ..	84½	£3 11 0
" " 4 per cent. Guaranteed ..	109½	3 14 0
" " 4 per cent. Preference ..	108½	3 14 6
Brighton 4½ per cent. Debenture ..	120½	3 15 3
" " 5 per cent. Guaranteed ..	134	3 15 6
" " 5 per cent. Preference ..	132	3 16 9
Midland 2½ per cent. Debenture ..	69½	3 12 0
" " 2½ per cent. Guaranteed ..	68½	3 13 6
" " 2½ per cent. Preference ..	67½	3 14 9

These examples give a very fair idea of the rates which can be obtained from such securities, and in each case mentioned these are full Trustee stocks.

THE RUBBER MARKET.

In the placid days of August, it need not be supposed that there will be any violent move in the prices of Rubber shares, and the situation is calm enough for it to be reviewed in a quite dispassionate manner. In the first place, it must be admitted that the market is gradually becoming more narrow, and that in spite of very close prices being made in the leading shares, a great number of other shares daily become increasingly difficult to deal in. This is a factor which has to be borne in mind in attempting to gauge the probable course of the market, because it shows that public interest is waning in no small measure. On the other hand, if the price of rubber were to improve still further, there is little doubt as to the market broadening out again in all directions—that is to say, the lower-priced shares would come to the front with a rush, in the same way as those in companies of more substantial reputation. In regard to rubber itself, the position is still complicated by the inaction of the Syndicate holding the three thousand or more tons of Para rubber which have been hanging over the market for months past. Apparently, the Syndicate is content to wait and to nurse its commitments, and that the manufacturers acknowledge this is to be seen in the way that they have taken with avidity most of the rubber offered at the recent sales in London and Antwerp. In good circles there is talk of the raw stuff rising to above five shillings a pound, and if it should do so a scramble to buy shares may be pretty well inferred. At the moment it seems to be better policy to keep on the bull side rather than the bear, and those people who have been bemoaning the fact that they could not get out of their rubber without serious loss may have an opportunity for doing so sooner than they expected, considering the stagnation which has ruled and the sagging prices for the past three months.

FINANCIAL CURTAIN LECTURES.—No. II.

Mr. Caudle has admitted that he had a drink with a member of the Stock Exchange.

* * * * *

"There you are again, Caudle! I knew what it would end in. Your feet are now firmly glued to the downward path, and down you will rush—"

"How can you rush if your feet are glued?"

"That's like you. Always try to change the subject if it's at all unpleasant. I suppose your feet can be glued to a movable platform, eh? I thought you would have no retort to that, Mr. Caudle! As I was saying, you will get tipsy—"

"You won't get tipsy?"

"Then why go and have a drink at such a thirsty place."

"You went to ask about Home Railway stocks?"

"A pretty pretext for getting a drink out of some poor-innocent creature on the Stock Exchange! No, Mr. Caudle. If bricks and mortar aren't good enough for your money, they are for mine; and I shall keep my little house until the lease runs out, and then buy another. What? The ground landlord will take it? I should like to see him lay a finger on my property, indeed!"

"I spent some time," comments Caudle, "in explaining once more what leasehold meant, although I was more than half asleep. It was stupid of me, because it woke her up more than ever."

"I don't believe a word you say, Caudle! I'll just ask father about it to-morrow."

"Why not Home Railway stocks?"

"You seem to forget motor-cars and flying-machines, Mr. Caudle. I suppose your precious broker was advising you to buy these Railway stocks. Just what I thought! No man ever looks farther than his own nose, and it wants a woman to remind him of the competition—"

"That's a good word?"

"Thank you, Caudle! That's the first compliment you've paid me this month. Yes, my dear mother always *did* say I was sarcastic. Eh? Well, perhaps Railways may be useful to carry luggage and coals; but in times to come we shall all be motoring or aeroplaning or flying some other way. No, I shall put my money into some Company that sells things people will always want. There's butcher-meat—"

"Eastman's Preference are good?"

"I daresay they are. Though, when I come to think of it, perhaps I would rather have some Drapery shares. If you were a woman, Caudle—and, goodness knows, you'll never have sense enough to be that, however long you live—you would like to have your money in something that you can go and see for yourself. *I can see a railway train?* Did your friend tell you any good drapery shares?"

"Eh? 'Bother 'em,' did you say? And my brother tells me that Harrods are a good investment. Let me see, what did they invest that poor young Prince of Wales in the other day? Eh, what? Investiture? I dare say it's much about the same thing, and what's good enough for the royal family is goo—goo—goo—"

"I fell asleep," adds Caudle, "just as she was asking if the dividends could be arranged to come on the first Monday every month, so as to pay the servants' wages."

Thursday, Aug. 3, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BOURNE.—(1) Messrs. Keyser and Co., Threadneedle Street. (2) You can do better.

ENQUIRER.—We answered by post on July 31.

DUM DUM.—Sorry we cannot find any price for the shares.

N.B.—In consequence of our going to press earlier than usual, because of the Bank Holiday, will correspondents who do not find their letters answered in this issue be kind enough to accept our apologies for this reason?

THRELFALL'S BREWERY CO.—Increased profit from trading was the satisfactory report for the past year of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Ltd., as announced on Thursday at the Company's twenty-fourth annual meeting. After paying increased duties under the Finance Act for the year, the profits were stated as £185,598 os. 11d., against £173,142 13s. 9d. last year, and after writing off for depreciation, workmen's compensation fund and the Debenture Stock issue expenses, the substantial sum of £38,098 14s. 8d. was carried forward. The reports and accounts were unanimously carried, the dividend to be paid at 6 per cent. per annum on Preference Shares and 8 per cent. per annum on Ordinary Shares. Mr. P. J. Feeney, J.P., who presided (in the room of the Chairman, Mr. C. Threlfall, laid up with asthma), placed special stress on the satisfactory nature of the report "in these troublous times," attributing the result to the able conduct of affairs by their managing director, Mr. George Barker, who, he said, "had spared neither time nor energy in promoting the welfare of the company." Messrs. Charles Threlfall and W. Griffin were re-elected directors, and Messrs. Broads Paterson and Co. re-appointed auditors. Mr. Buszard, K.C., in moving a vote of thanks to the directors and staff, said that "when some other breweries were talking about amalgamations and writing off capital, and showing that their affairs were by no means in a flourishing state, it was very gratifying to have such a balance-sheet presented."

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Limp London.

Those who are left in London find it a dreary, hot, and arid desert. I have often heard August in London extolled as the time of times for the moderately well-off to enjoy. Attentions from restaurant-keepers, sales-people, cabbies, a few choice theatres open, no difficulty in obtaining seats—in fact,



THE YOUNG WOMAN STUDENT WHO HAS WON THE PRIX DE ROME FOR SCULPTURE: Mlle. LUCIENNE ANTOINETTE HEUVELMANS.

Mlle. Heuvelmans, who has won the Prix de Rome for sculpture, won the second grand prix two years ago. She was born in Paris on Christmas Day, 1880. Her father is engaged in artistic cabinet work. She herself took up sculpture seriously when she was eighteen. For some years she has been teaching drawing and modelling at the Communal schools. She entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts seven years ago.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

unny garden, taking in the enjoyment of all nature, is the real rest. A comfort indeed is the "Tocah," which makes a hammock, reading-lounge, a bed, a table, or a chair. It is the most ingenious of garden contrivances, equally useful for board ship, beach, or bungalow. The prices are most moderate, from 10s. 6d. to 16s., and it is delivered in London for 6d., England and Wales 1s. 6d., Scotland and Ireland 2s., by the Tocah Company, Ltd., 51, Derbyshire Street, Bethnal Green Road, E. Garden tea-tents requiring no centre pole, bathing-tents, garden shelters and shades are also specialties with the company; their illustrated price-list is quite a guide to real rest in garden, on shipboard, or beach. The "Tocah" itself is a thing no one who loves open air should be without. It has no ropes, pegs, or complications; full directions for making it fulfil its five different functions are sent with it.

Nothing Like Leather.

When travels loom near, it is time to think of baggage; many thousands of people are off to Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and cooler regions than usual. In the winter, India is to be visited by thousands; therefore there is a run on the best baggage-makers. John Pound and Co., 81, Leadenhall Street; 177, Tottenham Court Road; 67, Piccadilly; 211, Regent Street; 268, Oxford Street; 5, Swallow Street; and 243, Brompton Road, hold a record for this. One of their solid-leather cases, which has been going to and fro over land and sea for a lifetime, bears evidence of its many journeys, but is intact and as reliable and ready for more as a brand-new one. The firm make the things themselves, from frame to finishings, and so can be sure that they are the best throughout. They make compressed cane-trunks, too—in fact, are the real manufacturers of them, and so can mend them in the only satisfactory way, inserting, where injury has been inflicted, large new pieces of cane. Their fitted cases and bags are world-renowned for value and for completeness. So celebrated are they for fine work and good material that those who have treasured fittings go to Pounds for cases specially made to take them. They are wonderful establishments for novelties and luxuries in leather things; very neat are soft leather travelling slippers, in cases flat and long, like pouches, all small enough to fit in an overcoat pocket. Every kind of convenience for picnics, luncheons on the moor or beach, and the most splendid value in pocket-knives, every one made in

all the attractions of the Metropolis and none of its drawbacks. The July evening that the great city has had makes all these attractions as nothing compared with fresh breezes and a down-pour of rain. However, London will soon come to its own again under changed climatic conditions. A thorough soaking to cool down its bricks and mortar and freshen its parks and trees, then some cool breezes, and it will be itself again, brimful of fascination. The autumn season promises to be brilliant, none the less that there will probably be no Autumn Session. Politics are quite at a discount now. With Mercutio, the great British Public feels inclined to say, "A plague o' both your Houses!" and send legislators, hereditary and otherwise, for a tour round the world, appointing some heads of departments to run home affairs, until they all come back with clear views and new energy.

Real Rest.

I don't think that people who can rest in such glorious weather as this golden summer has given us have any idea of the good it is doing them. To lie or sit in a shady place in a

Sheffield, and specially tested ere it leaves the works, are other attractions; so to the male shaver is a razor with a black handle at 8s. 6d., and with an ivory one at 10s. 6d. The blade is, I understand, quite the best to be had.

Always Cool.

The coolest, daintiest, and most easily washed fabric there is for underclothing; and for over-clothing, is Aertex Cellular, such as is supplied by Oliver Brothers, 417, Oxford Street, W. It wears for years, and, owing to its being woven on a special scientific principle, it keeps air near the skin. This being a non-conductor makes the cloth cool in summer and warm in winter. In the latter season closer and heavier outer clothing should be worn. Although every kind of garment for underwear for men, women, and children is supplied, of unexceptionable cut and make by Oliver Brothers, at the moment their beautiful, dainty blouses are most tempting. There is a choice of cloth in many charming colourings and designs, and a choice of styles, for the moderate prices of 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d., 8s. 11d. These are the most luxurious wear for all summer games, for cycling, and for motoring. They are so easily washed, so cool, and so comfortable that no one should be without some in their touring or holiday outfit.

For Our Refreshment.

There is no such quick and invigorating thing in stuffy atmospheres and in close weather as a whiff of really reliable smelling-salts, such as those supplied by the Crown Perfumery Company, known by the crown-shaped stopper of the bottles. Men who are far from effeminate have Crown Lavender salts even in their offices, and often take a whiff, which they declare clears their brain and helps them in their work. The Crab-Apple scent of the same company is delicious.

The Great Hunter Show.

In one thing Dublin keeps its world-lead. There is no other Horse Show like that in Dublin. It is of quite a different character from the International at Olympia. The Royal Dublin Society have issued a little brochure giving a full account of the Show, showing all the ropes, as it were, giving the rail and steamboat services to Dublin from England and Scotland, and all the amusements in the Irish capital during Horse Show week. This year, a new feature will be jumping-competitions for military officers in uniform. The Show opens on the 22nd inst. A copy of this booklet will be sent, post free, to any of our readers on application to the Agricultural Superintendent, Leinster House, Dublin.

At Carnarvon, Edinburgh, Goodwood, and Cowes, the American went in search of the entertainment that was denied him during the Coronation. Crowded out of the Abbey, he found that, where possible, some amends were made him at other places; but, speaking largely, Ireland was for the Irish, Wales for the Welsh, and Scotland for the Scots, just as London had been for the official classes of England and of the rest of the world. At any



THE SCULPTURE WHICH WON THE PRIX DE ROME FOR Mlle. HEUVELMANS
"ELECTRA GUARDING THE SLEEPING ORESTES."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

rate, some American fathers go home with their reputations for being able to engineer anything not a little damaged in the eyes of their daughters. The confidence of the American daughter is proverbial, and finds expression in the satirist's version of an obituary notice—

Our papa dear has gone to Heaven
To make arrangements for eleven.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

A Plea for Reasonableness.

It would appear to weigh nothing with a policeman, particularly one who hails from the provinces, that when proceeding on a matter of life and death, a motoring doctor should exceed the ridiculous speed limit of twenty miles an hour. One would think that when the police authorities became cognisant of the facts, that it was indeed true that the medical man in question was actually hurrying to an urgent case, wherein minutes meant life, they would have refrained from serving this doctor with a summons, particularly as it was possible and open to them to make full enquiries into the good faith of the excuse. But no, this can't be done. The doctor must be dragged into the Court, his time wasted, and the daily course of his important professional duties upset and disarranged that a police constable may score for promotion. The exercise of a little saving common-sense, a little consideration for the special set of surrounding circumstances would, in the case before me, have saved a busy man much time and inconvenience, and the police a decided rebuff from the Bench before whom the matter was brought.

England Again Behind.

Much as we may admire the pluck and prowess of Beaumont and Vedrines in the late *Daily Mail* circuit, we cannot but feel chagrin at the very poor show made by our own people in an English event most sportingly promoted by an English newspaper. The wonderful lead taken in aviation by our friends across the Channel is, of course, largely due to the great foresight of the French Government, who have encouraged their native aviators and their native aeroplane-manufacturers by every means in their power. On this side of the Channel the reverse is the case, for, both by the War Office and by the Admiralty, aviation, up to the present time, has been criminally neglected. With no chance of securing Government contracts and with no encouragement from headquarters, neither British manufacturers nor British officers nor private individuals can be expected to risk their capital or their lives in experimental manufacture or practice. Certain of our officers, feeling acutely the position of the British Army in this matter, have, as in the past, endeavoured to qualify themselves at their own cost, to the shame of the Government and the country who will accept such gratuitous service.

By Motor to Delhi.

It would appear that motor-cars are to figure largely in the December Delhi Durbar. The road from Bombay to Delhi—a distance, I am told, of nearly a thousand miles—is being put in thoroughly good repair, and those who have the good fortune to make this journey by motor-car will

enjoy such an opportunity of seeing India, or the large portion of it traversed by this route, as no railway could ever afford. Moreover, in the matter of comfort there is no comparison between motor and railway transit in India. In order to meet the requirements of motorists who desire to attend the Durbar, Messrs. Fiat Motors, Ltd., are sending out an experienced representative and twenty Fiat cars ranging from 15 to 50 h.p. Competent drivers who know the road, petrol, and hotel accommodation will be provided. At Bombay, the responsible people will be the Bombay Motor-Car Company, Ltd., agents for Fiat cars. At Delhi, a garage has been obtained within the Durbar Camp. In addition to the trip from Bombay to Delhi, the homeward journey can be made from the City of the Great Mogul to Calcutta, down the Grand Trunk Road, over the finest travelling surfaces in India. What a chance to see Great Britain's great possession under the most delightful circumstances!

The Petrol-Opener Again!

In *The Sketch* of July 12 I suggested that the way was open to some inventor who should deliver his productive soul of some simple and easy means of unscrewing the caps from the faucets of petrol-cans, and suggested that though tyre-levers served well enough, these implements were generally the undermost of the undermost, and a vexation of spirit to come at. I asked who would solve the problem, and a gallant engineer dating from Aldershot has come to the rescue with a suggestion that cylinders should be founded with a suitable lug for engaging the cross-cuts on the cap. While thanking my sapping correspondent for his suggestion, I am bound to say that his lug on the cylinder would hardly help us much as it would be necessary to open one's bonnet and hold the 14 lb. can of petrol breast high in one's arms to do the job. No, this is not the solution. I want something attached to each can, and ready to hand. Try again, Engineer!

Mr. Keir Hardie's new Commons' costume, made of a material that looks uncommonly like cream tussore silk, is not setting a fashion. And yet to the Labour members is owed the beginnings of the still incomplete hat reform. Soft hats are allowed; but why is the line drawn there? Since members are, by Lord Lansdowne's submission, to be denied the chance of strawberry-leaves, they might at least be allowed to hide their diminished heads in straw hats. The clothes of the House are more than clothes—they are disguises. The frock-coat of the Leader of the Opposition conceals a farmer. The announcement that he has just won all the prizes for Oxford sheep at the Highland Agricultural Show reminds one that for years he has loved his flocks and harvests. Rule out a golfing-suit as frivolous, if you like; but with a shepherd's crook in his hand, Mr. Balfour might be quite successful in controlling the strayed Lord Hugh.

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with "Bunt Pulls the Strings"; Venice-Super-Mare; On the Spree; and after a Three-Flavoured Reptile; Mr. Alfred Lester in "The Amateur Hairdresser"; the Shadow-Catcher; Cool as a Cucumber; the Motor-Car Fitted with every Necessity and many a Luxury; the Water-Baby; Déshabille; Grande Tenue; Pekingese Dogs; Miss Dorothy Moulton; The Sea Anemone; More or Less as England is Doing Now; August.

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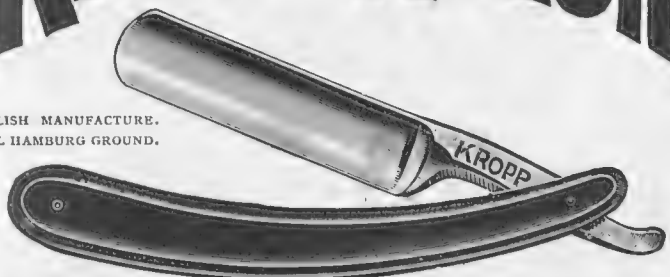
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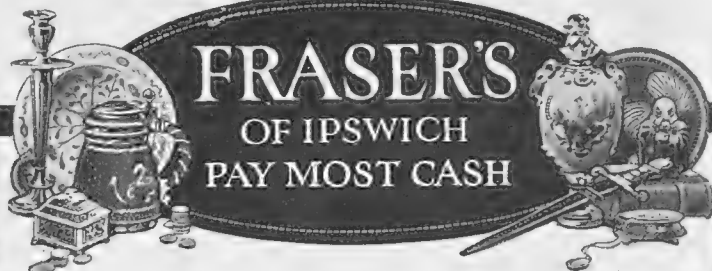
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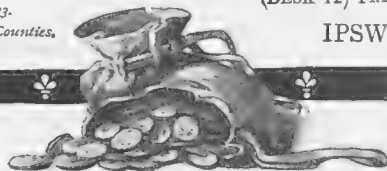
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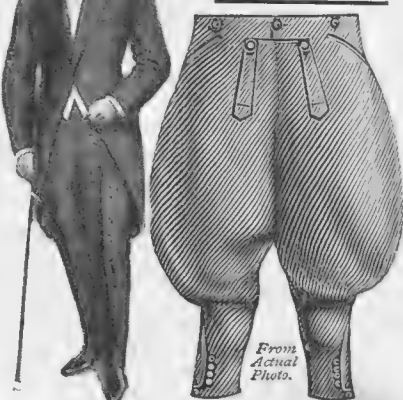
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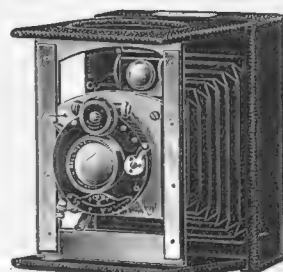
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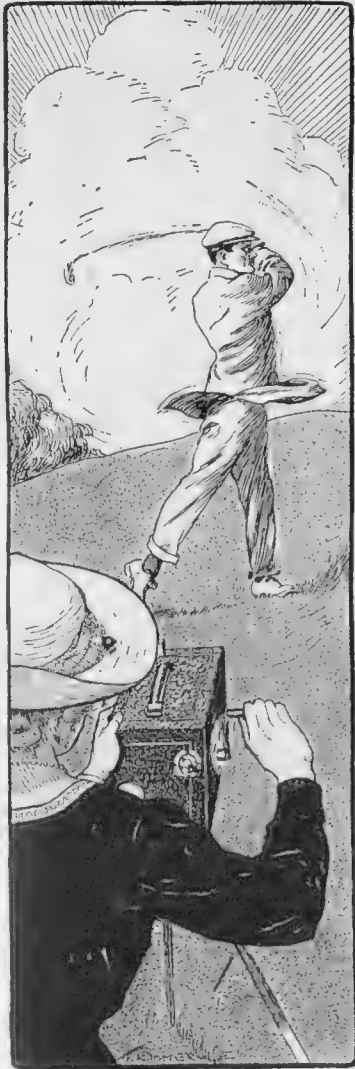
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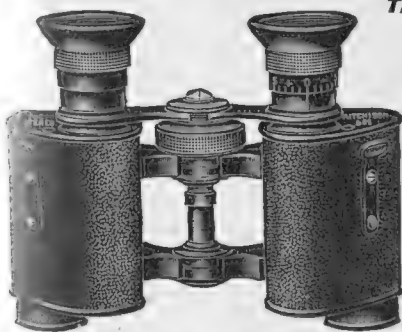
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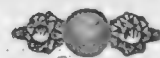
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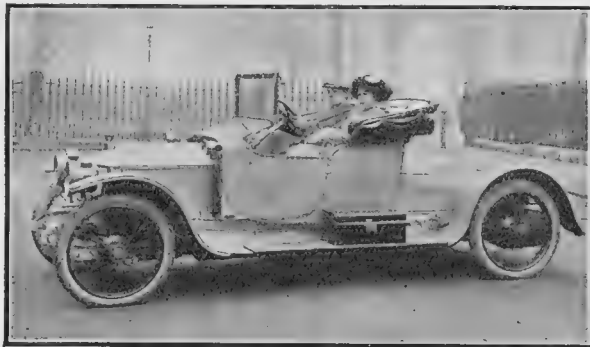
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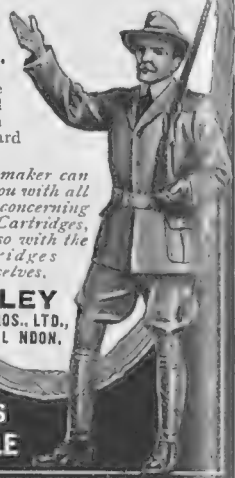
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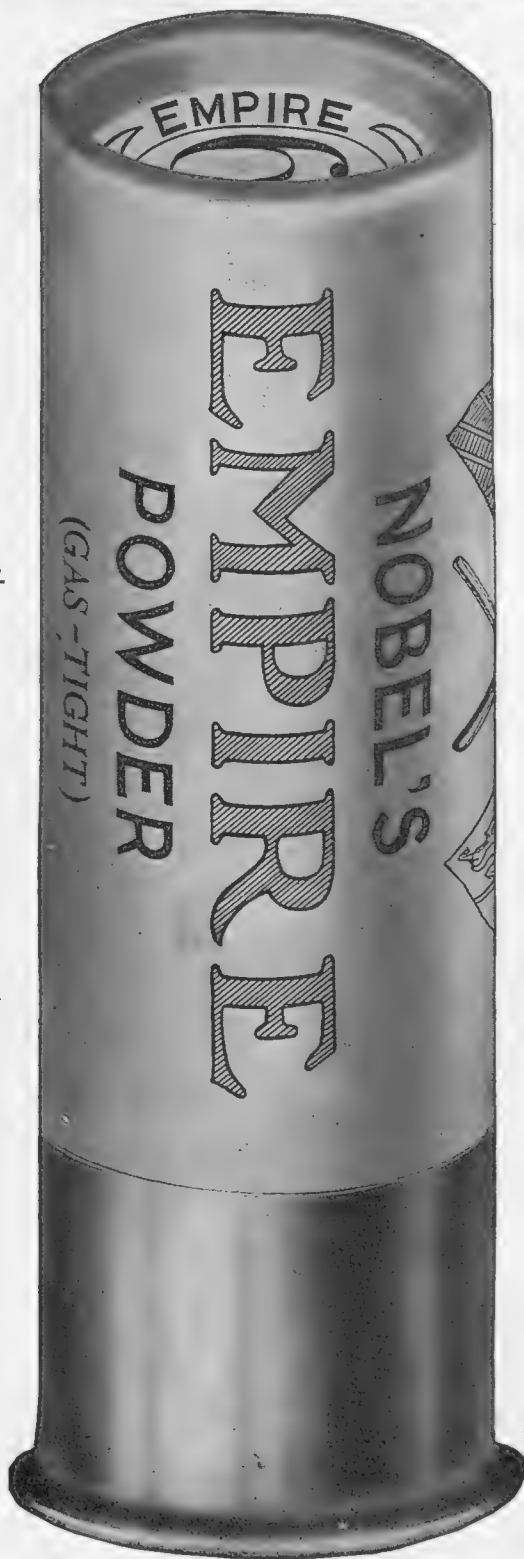
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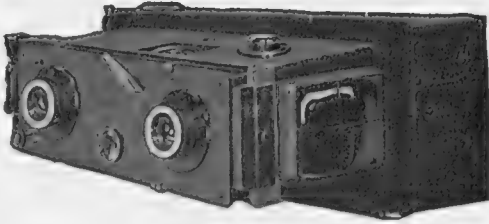
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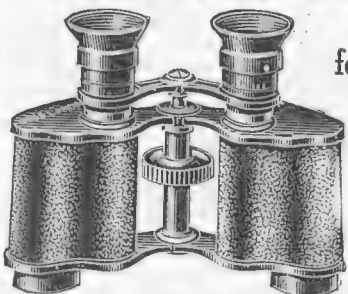
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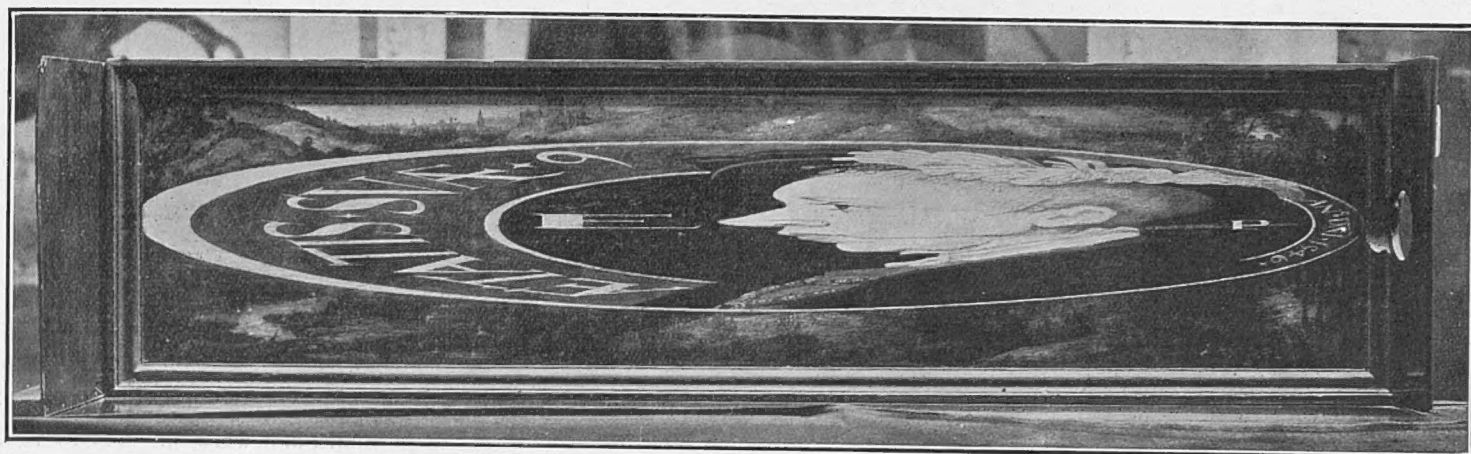
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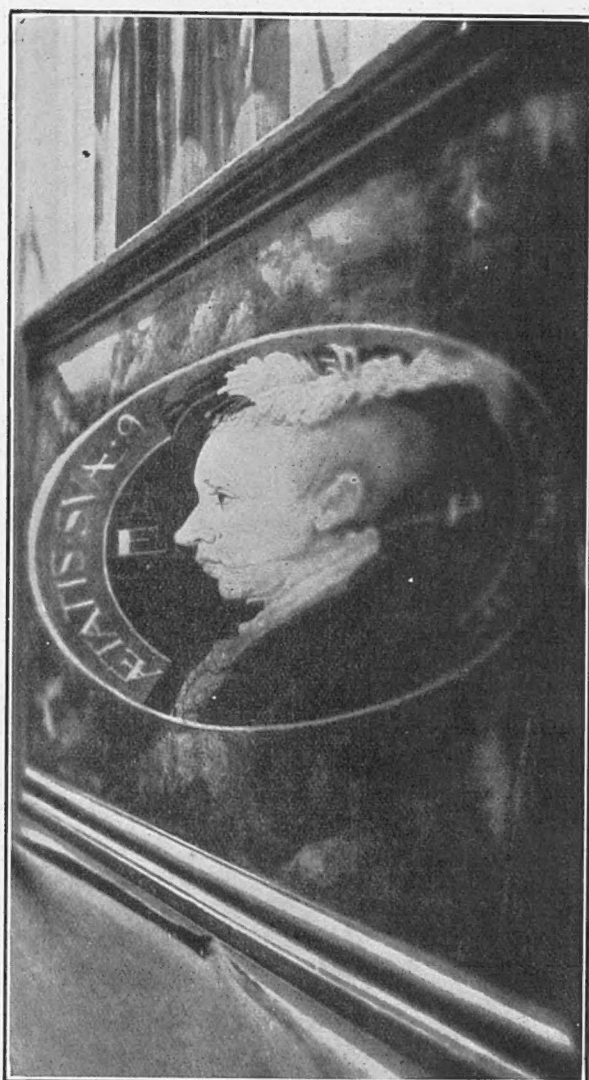
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THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

THERE is a season when the country ceases to belong to the countryman, and is discovered by the people who live in the towns. This season is upon us now. You recognise it when the lanes and fields are crowded with white-faced children, in whose interests the wife of the agricultural labourer has added to her slender accommodation in fashion that is little short of marvellous. Charitable or philanthropical associations in the towns draft poor school-children to the country cottages, whose owners contrive to feed them, look after them, and apparently to find a reasonable return for the outlay at the modest remuneration of 5s. a week per head. How it is possible to receive the little strangers under existing conditions is one of the mysteries, but it is done, and nobody is the worse for it.

Another visitor to the countryside just now is the hard-working, athletic City clerk who wants a fortnight's holiday and can ill afford to pay for one. He has discovered of late years that many a farmer is short-handed during harvest, so, after preliminary enquiries, often made at week-ends with the aid of a bicycle, he has come upon the place where his services will be welcomed, and you may see him working, perhaps with more industry than skill, in the harvest-field, tying up the sheaves, helping to load the waggons, doing odd jobs, and generally making himself very hot and very useful. For the first day or two the fatigue of unaccustomed labour is overwhelming, but in a little time he learns to get the maximum accomplishment from the minimum of effort, and when he goes back to town he has enjoyed a splendid health-giving holiday which has cost him nothing and even left him a few shillings to the good. The practice of assisting in the harvest is on the increase, and has availed to turn the attention of many townsmen to the land. I have heard of several men who started by helping at harvests and are now small holders.

Other people less welcome to the farmer are those visitors who are trying the country for a change, after many years at the seaside. You find them sometimes leaning over a farmyard gate and looking with astonishment not unmixed with admiration at the real live pigs and poultry. At first, these visitors keep to the dusty high-road, then they gather confidence and go over the farm-lands, where they are less welcome than they might be, because they seldom or never remember to shut gates after them, and, if they see poppies growing in the middle of a field of wheat, they hold it no shame to walk through the wheat to get the flowers. If the farmer should come along and express himself with the freedom and eloquence that the occasion demands, they will retire in confusion thinking that the country is a very ill-bred place.

The farmer is to be excused if he is a little intolerant of the people whose ignorance sends his cows to the cornfield or his sheep among the cabbages. He has had much to try him. The year, for all its fine weather, has not been a favourable one, and those of us who ride, drive, or walk over a considerable expanse of country just now are conscious that the autumn prospects are bad. The pastures are brown, the root crops are withering in the fields, and the spring-sown corns, now coming into harvest, are very thin and poor. The result will be that farmers who are stock-breeders will find it extremely difficult to get the food they require. Of hay they have little, of roots they are likely to have less, and the demand for artificial foods will send the price up. In all probability the price of sheep and cattle will fall considerably, because the farmers who are short of feed will be compelled to sell what they cannot keep, and the market will be glutted.

Town never feels a shortage. If one source of supply fails, prices rise slightly, and in rising open the door to half-a-dozen other sources. The townsman never lacks. In the country, on the other hand, you are never long in doubt about the conditions that are prevailing. When the feeding becomes poor and the water-supply is less plentiful than it was, there is a sudden shortage of milk and butter. You see long processions of water-carts travelling to distant springs because the home supplies are failing. You see orchards and vegetable-gardens parched and suffering because there is no water with which to refresh them. Make a little closer inquiry, and you will find cases of individual suffering borne without complaint and seldom even commented upon, because the countryman, in his own silent fashion, is almost a fatalist and knows that it is useless to complain where there are none to hear complaints. If there are any querulous utterances in the countryside just now, they proceed from the townsfolk who are making holiday and have never yet learned that all sources of supply in remote country-places are purely local, and that, once exhausted, they cannot be replaced. Kipling has given us a fine picture of the Indian ryot who pursues his labours with an utter indifference to the troubles that come from all sides; sometimes in years like this I think that our own agricultural labourer with his few comforts and his long-sustained work, his quiet, unshrinking endeavour, and his freedom from complaint is no less striking a figure than the poor Indian of Kipling's poem. It is certain that the townsman to whom this summer down to the end of July, at least, has appeared well nigh perfect, can have no true idea of the hardship that it has entailed upon the countryside, or of the troubles it has prepared against the days when the townsman who neither shoots nor hunts has forgotten that the country exists, and will be quite content to ignore it until another summer comes.

MARK OVER.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Long Roll."

BY MARY JOHNSTON.
(Constable.)

Since Homer wrote, Love and War have never failed to interest or ceased to act upon mankind. Love, love of woman and country, finely tempered by war, and War, whose wounds are dressed by Love, are the recurrent themes of "The Long Roll." Miss Johnston knows her way so surely among the old passions and policies of her countrymen that few English readers will close her latest story, and not bring from it a deeper understanding and a wider sympathy. She gives us Virginia on the eve of her war with the North, proud of her past and proud for her future—too proud of both to submit to coercion. For slavery itself she was not quarrelling. She passed her statute against it thirty years before England: "*The bondage of the African race*—a heavy cloud! Our English fathers raised it; our Northern brethren dwelled with it; the currents of the air fixed it in the South." Gradual manumission was Virginian policy, with African colonisation if possible. "Trouble is, don't any of them want to go back! The Lauderdale negroes, for instance—never see one that he isn't laughing! . . . And think of all the white children crying for their 'mammies'—and their mammies crying for them, by God! No, it isn't an easy subject." This is quite another story from one on which some of us battered when young and tender—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," to wit. So when Miss Johnston takes us, with the fourth chapter, into the Greenwood drawing-room, so deliciously sweet with its ancient paper, rose-garlanded with the loves of shepherds and shepherdesses, its boughs of peach and cherry-bloom in old pot-pourri jars, and its dark waxed floor, where the April sunlight lay in faded pools, and when she lets us examine there the mail-bag of that charming family, there is no surprise that the post should bring nothing but printed or written rumours of war. Later, by candlelight, as the fiddles played "*Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*," the music stopped with the unexpected arrival of the master. "He paused, standing in the white light of the candles, among his children, kinsmen, friends, and slaves. (To these last a friend as well as a master). They, with all the room, now hung upon his words. The light wind blew the curtains out like streamers, the candle flickered, petals from the blossoms in the jars fell on the floor, the clock that had ticked in the hall for a hundred years struck eleven." The master had come with a declaration of war. And into the war through many a gallant chapter like that of "The Ironclads," which must uplift every healthy-minded boy, Miss Johnston takes Richard Cleave, the delightful Careys and their friends, with their brave women, who as Warwick Carey knew, "suffer more than we. All that is courageous, all that is heroically devoted, Virginia expects and will receive from you," he said, speaking to them. And truly Virginia did. The book closes with the death of Stonewall Jackson, to the tolling of the Richmond bells. "That capital knew the Dead March in 'Saul' as a child knows its lullaby," and it wailed through the streets, "as may have wailed the trumpets when Priam brought Hector home." And yet not quite so, for a private soldier like a beautiful athlete from a frieze paused beside the General's bier of state: "If to-day you consort with Cæsar," he said "tell him we still make war." A couple of maps add to the historical interest of this stirring story.

"The Silent Conquest."

BY MORICE GERARD.
(The Century Press.)

This is a group of three stories. Tom Harker (engineer and inventor, of the first) and Alexander Garrow (lecturer and inventor, of the second) are the same man, in spite of inequality of physique. They are really pigs, and for the kind of whose priggishness his creator is unconscious all usually goes well. It does so in these two stories, against all the odds of our sad experience. There is even a plum of ancestral baronetcy awaiting the obscurely born (as the world thought) Harker, as well as a cool £50,000 pressed on him for his first invention. The last tale of the three runs on the outposts of France, at the foot of the Jura Mountains. It is concerned with the Huguenot terror, pretty village maidens, magnificent guides, and a pastor. It is quite pretty, like the maidens, though not—to use detestable journalese—strong, like the guides.

"Her Husband's Country."

BY SYBIL SPOTTISWOODE.
(Heinemann.)

With "Her Husband's Country" Miss Spottiswoode has given us another of her enjoyable comedies of manners. Here, finally, the German officer is stripped of every glamour but his uniform. And that is generally worn at the expense of his shabby, hard-worked wife. To feed him with good things she spoils her hands and complexion over the kitchen stove, and as her daughter grows towards marriage-hood she too is drawn into that magic though hot and blackening circle. For a tentative lover must eat to grow bold. Neither may she array herself too becomingly, nor cultivate too attractive a manner. Your German officer knows what he wants, and æsthetic or intellectual qualities will not, like Shadrach, Meshac, and Abednego, walk through the furnace of his cuisine. There is small need, however, to pity Patience Thaile, who was a match in egotism for any German officer. And a calm indifference to her fate makes her German experience very enjoyable to the reader thereof. But for all our sakes there should be a prohibitive tariff on husbands "made in Germany."

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